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M.DCC.XXXV.

PREFACE.

TO instruct, and to amuse, is the End of all Books of this Nature; but the Difficulty is to unite these two Points in one. It is not enough to collect together some historical Incidents, which may serve as a Foundation for imaginary Events; these latter must rectify and, if I may use that Expression, give a Lustre to the Truth: This is what the illustrious Author of the Adventures of Jakaya *has done, with all the Wit and Delicacy imaginable. His Style is natural, noble, and pathetick; History has indeed afforded him a very happy Foundation; but it was requisite to subjoin thereto as much Art and Invention, as will be found in this Work, to affect the Passions, and amuse the Understanding. The Characters are altogether wonderful;* Jakaya

is

is great, but he is a Man, and consequently subject to human Frailties: Ambition *seems to be his predominant Passion; but* Love *hurries him on; and, in spite of all his Reflexions, he gives way to a flattering Inclination, which gives Rise to all the Incidents of his Life.* Anthoras, *that unfortunate King of* Georgia, *is both a fine Example of the Vicissitudes of Fortune, and of the entire Resignation we ought to shew to the Decrees of Providence.* Cherseg, *who is yet more unhappy, than either* Anthoras *or* Jakaya, *finishes the Piece; and teaches us that Despair ought never to get the Mastery over a Soul truly Virtuous. The Characters of* Felicia *and* Mariana *are highly finished: The Ambition of* Felicia *and the Sweet Temper of* Mariana *make an admirable Contrast. In short, every Precept here is sow'd upon flowery Paths; every Incident conducts us to Virtue, and the Descriptions of vitious Persons are only introduced, to make us sensible of their Crimes, and raise in us an Abhorrence of them.*

I believe it will not be disagreeable to the Reader, to find here a Summary of Prince Jakaya's *Life, extracted from the* Turkish *History. This will save him the Trouble of looking for it elsewhere, and will shew him at the same Time, how much Wit and Imagination was requisite, to produce a Work so very moving.*

A young Greek, *named* Lapare, *had insinuated herself into the Favour of* Mahomet III. *Emperor of the* Turks. *She was born of* Christian *Parents; and her Beauty had caused her to be conducted into the* Seraglio, *into which she did not enter but with Regret. The* Sultan's *Greatness had by no means banished the* Christian *Religion from her Thoughts; though she had by him a Son named* Jakaya. Lapare *could not think without Horror upon the Fate of this Child; destined to Death by an inhuman Law. Being taken up Night and Day with this melancholy Reflexion, her Piety and her Love rendered her ingenious. She counterfeited an Indisposition, and remonstrated that Change of Air was necessary for her Recovery.* Mahomet, *who yielded to her Remonstrances, permitted her to go to* Magnesia, *and, as a greater Favour, allowed her likewise to take her Son with her. She spent some Time at* Magnesia, *from whence she found means to make her escape with her Son, in a little Vessel that was ready to set Sail. They went ashore at* Saloniki, *where she intrusted her Secret to the Archbishop of* Thessalonica, *who conferred Baptism upon* Jakaya, *after having caused him to be instructed in the Mysteries of the* Christian *Religion. In the mean while,* Mahomet, *the* Sultan's *eldest Son, already burnt with an impatient Desire of reigning; wherefore in Concert with his Mother,*

Mother, and several Bassa's, *he formed a Design of dethroning his Father. The Conspiracy was discovered; and the* Sultan *in his Fury, not only caused the Favourite* Sultaness *to be thrown into the Sea, but the young Prince to be strangled in his Presence. He did not long survive them, but died of the Plague, aged only Thirty Eight, and* Achmet, *his youngest Son ascended the Throne; Insomuch that* Jakaya *heard at the same Time of the Deaths of his Father and eldest Brother, and the Advancement of his youngest Brother to the Crown: Hereupon, when he reflected upon his having lost the Empire, he was greatly exasperated at his Mother's Zeal.*

He was then Eighteen Years old, full of Courage, and resolutely bent upon attempting every Thing to recover the Throne. With this Design, he joined with Peri Bassa, *who had revolted in* Asia, *and was proclaimed* Sultan *at the Head of the Rebels; but Fortune did not second his Intentions. After a thousand brave Actions, he was utterly defeated, and reduced to the Necessity of flying for Refuge to the Mountains, whence he returned to* Greece. *He made divers other Attempts, wherein he succeeded no better than in the former; Insomuch that he was forced to hasten his Flight towards the* Black-Sea, *in order to avoid his Brother's Pursuit. Then, that he might the better conceal himself, he enter'd*

enter'd into the Service of the Polish *Embassador, with whom he travers'd* Walachia *and* Moldavia. *A* Chiaoux, *whom the* Sultan *sent to King* Sigismund, *discovered* Jakaya; *and demanded of that Monarch to have him delivered up, as an Enemy to the State. He resolutely refused it, and even caused him to be paid the Honours due to his Birth. The* Chiaoux *laid an Ambush for* Jakaya, *whereof a* Flemish *Embroiderer gave that Prince Notice, and he escaped the Danger by retiring to* Prague, *whence he went to the Court of* Rodolph II. *Emperor of* Germany. *That Monarch assigned him a Pension; but the Desire of reigning would not suffer him to lead a quiet Life: Being seconded by* Cosmo II. *Great Duke of* Tuscany, *who assisted him with a Squadron of Men of War, commanded by* Beauregard, *Knight of* Malta, *he set sail to join* Fakardine, *Prince of* Drus, *who had begun to make an Insurrection in* Syria: *The Squadron arrived at* Tripoli. Beauregard *however thought he ought not to intrust him with* Nassuf Bassa, *the Chief of the Rebels, whose Fidelity he suspected.* Jakaya *therefore was carried back to* Florence, *whence, at the Request of* Philip III. *King of* Spain, *he went to* Aversa, *where he was magnificently received. But the dilatory Proceedings of the Council of* Spain *made* Jakaya *quite out of*

Patience; wherefore he undertook by himself a third Voyage to the Levant, *where all his Efforts proved unsuccessful. He returned therefore to* Rome, *and from thence to* France, *where* Charles de Gonzaga, *Duke of* Nevers, *took him into his Protection, being charm'd with the fine Qualities of so unfortunate a Prince. There happened, however, in Process of Time, some Coldness in their Friendship, and* Jakaya *disappeared on a sudden, nor was he ever heard of since: Though his Friends gave out, without any Foundation, that he went to end his Days in the Convent of* Carthusians *at* Dijon.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

Prince *JAKAYA.*

PART I.

THERE are no Paſſions which tyrannize over the Heart with more Violence than *Ambition* and *Love*; 'tis even difficult to be able to determine, which of the two is moſt cruel. Both the one and the other hurry us away into Exceſſes, from which neither *Reaſon* nor *Virtue* can defend us; but ſuch is the Weakneſs of human Nature. We ſee our Error, without having the Reſo-

lution to resist it, and their Charms are so very inviting, that we precipitate ourselves voluntarily into the Dangers and Misfortunes which they prepare for us.

The History of *Jakaya* will easily demonstrate this Truth; whereof the Frailty of our own Hearts, may convince us every Day. This unfortunate Prince was born with such a natural Disposition to Virtue, that one would have thought it would have influenc'd all the Actions of his Life; but his Innocence was soon corrupted: *Love* and *Ambition* long contended for the Glory of triumphing over his Heart, and re-united their Efforts at last to ruin him.

Jakaya was Son to *Mahomet* III. and the *Sultana Lapare*; never was Prince endued with more ingaging Qualities: His Beauty and native Gracefulness, were but the least Advantages wherewith Nature had befriended him; one might likewise observe in him an amiable Sweetness; a greatness of Soul, worthy of the Rank to which he was born; an exact Probity; a solid Virtue; and, in short, a lively, polite, insinuating Wit, which rendered him as agreeable in Company, as dexterous and enterprizing in the most ticklish and intricate

tricate Affairs. Such as I have just represented him, he was for many Years the Darling of the *Ottoman* Empire; but, as he was one of *Mahomet*'s youngest Sons, he saw himself every Day exposed to the cruel Fate, to which the barbarous *Sultans* condemn their Brothers.

The Emperor had three favourite *Sultana*'s; the first whereof was Mother to Prince *Selim*, and *Mahomet*; the second to *Sultan Jakaya*; and the third to the Princes *Achmet* and *Mustapha*. The savage Temper of *Selim*, who was to succeed to the imperial Throne, made it but too apparent, what would be the Destiny of his Brothers: Accordingly the *Sultaness Lapare*, being alarm'd at the Danger that threatned *Jakaya*, managed Matters so well with the *Grand Signior*, that she obtained leave of him to retire to *Magnesia*, with the Prince her Son.

There being more at Liberty to cultivate *Jakaya*'s amiable Qualities, she spared no Pains to render him accomplish'd; nor did the noble Design fail of the desired Success: He soon arriv'd at that Degree of Perfection where his tender Mother wish'd him, but this was not yet enough to satisfy the *Sultaness*. She was

born a *Greek* and a *Christian*, and could not live happily till her Son had abjur'd the Errors of *Mahometism*; wherefore she spoke to him thereof in such Terms, as the Force of Truth rendered persuasive.

Jakaya found himself struck with the Lights that broke in upon his Understanding; and his Reason easily enabled him to unfold the Principles of our Religion: He was moved therefore with it, and soon thirsted after nothing more, than to render himself worthy of receiving Baptism. Never was a Joy more lively than that of the *Sultaness*, nevertheless the Fear of falling again into the Power of *Mahomet*, diminish'd, or at least suspended, the Sweets of so lawful a Pleasure: But of what is not a holy and just Resolution capable!

The *Sultaness* and the young Prince, determin'd to intrust their important Secret with *Hogias*, one of *Jakaya*'s Governours, who, by his Affection, seem'd to deserve their Confidence. Accordingly, this zealous Confidant, return'd with Ardour the Sincerity they had shown him; not only he approved of the Prince's Design, but also sought all Means to make it succeed: He met with no great Difficulty

culty to compaſs his Ends; as he was not ſuſpected, he was not long before he made himſelf Maſter of a Veſſel, wherewith they ſailed to *Moréa*, and from thence to *Macedonia*.

The *Sultaneſs* fix'd her Reſidence at *Saloniki*; and it was in that City, that this pious Princeſs re-entered publickly into the Pale of the Church, after having cauſed *Jakaya* to be baptiz'd there. *Mahomet* heard, with Vexation, of *Lapare*'s Flight; but as ſhe had had the Precaution, before her Eſcape, to ſpread a Report of the Prince's Death, and as a magnificent Funeral had even been made, by her Order, for a young *Turk* about *Jakaya*'s Age, whom ſhe had remov'd ſecretly into her Son's Bed, the *Sultan*, who no longer had any Love for her, was eaſily comforted for her Loſs, in the Arms of his new Favourite.

In the mean while Prince *Jakaya* was obliged to conceal both his Birth, and his Rank; and if he was adored in *Saloniki*, he ow'd the officious Services that were render'd him, wholly to his Merit, and to his Prudence. The *Sultaneſs* was charm'd therewith, but the Heart of the young Prince could not be ſo eaſily con-

tented; he was born for Glory, and could not confine themself to the Obscurity which conceal'd him from the Fury of the *Sultans*. Ambition begun to insinuate itself into his Soul; he represented to himself, with Horror, the Inaction wherein he lived; he knew that Princes are no farther commendable, than as their Valour and their Virtue distinguishes them from ordinary Men; he could not therefore help speaking thereof to the *Sultaness*; but that tender Mother being terrify'd at Sentiments so contrary to the Love she bore her Son, express'd such a lively Grief thereat, that *Jakaya* was forc'd to conceal them.

He dissembled then so artfully, that *Lapare* was at last deceiv'd thereby, and insensibly recover'd that Tranquillity which *Jakaya*'s Discourse had banish'd from her Soul. But, altho' that Prince had disguised his Inclinations, he had only confirm'd himself the more in the Resolution to put them in execution. Wherefore, consulting only his Courage, he set out one Day from *Saloniki*, attended only by a Squire, in whom he reposed an entire Confidence; but as common Prudence required the greatest Precaution,

tion, he disguised himself in such a manner as not to be discover'd.

He travell'd some Time all over *Greece*, but staid no longer in each City, than as by it's Beauty it seem'd to merit his Attention: This young Prince impatiently waited for the War's giving him an Opportunity of signalizing himself; but the profound Peace that then reign'd every where, delay'd at that Time the Glory which his Valour seem'd to promise him. He was constrain'd then to confine his Curiosity and his Pleasures, to the Variety of Objects that offer'd themselves to his Sight. During this Interval the Court of *Mahomet* was disturb'd with domestick Enemies; the Emperor had discover'd a Conspiracy, whereof *Mahomet* his second Son was the Head: He was upon the point of falling under it, but his good Genius, and the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, secur'd him from this imminent Danger. The Rebels were punish'd; and it was not without extream Difficulty, that *Mahomet* pardon'd the *Vizier Osman*, who was found to be concern'd in the Conspiracy.

In the mean while, in order to remove such an unfaithful Minister from his Court,

he banish'd him for Life from *Constantinople*, after having confiscated part of his Effects. *Osman* came originally from *Athens*; it was even said, that he was descended from that famous Legislator *Solon*, who has render'd himself famous to latest Posterity, by the Laws he establish'd in his Country: This *Osman*, I say, who had assum'd the Title of Prince, and who but a little before was at the highest Pitch of Glory and Honour, was obliged to remove with his deplorable Family. It consisted only of the prudent *Zelopa* his Wife, and the amiable *Felicia* his Daughter. Notwithstanding the *Sultan*'s Severity, he had left the *Vizier* an infinite Treasure, since he was still Master of these two incomparable Persons.

The Prudence and Understanding of *Zelopa* caused her to be admired; but besides these two Accomplishments, the beauteous *Felicia* seem'd to be Mistress of several others. Never did one and the same Person, possess at the same Time, such a lively Wit; so much Greatness of Soul; such an elevated Mind; so many Graces and so much Majesty in her Port, and in her Eyes; and so many Charms, or so much Beauty, as was diffused all over the rest of her Person: In a word, *Felicia* might

might with Justice have pass'd for Nature's Master-Piece, had not some slight Defects cast a Shade over the precious Endowments which she had received from Heaven. This charming Maid was haughty, ambitious, and revengeful; so true it is, that one must not seek in human Nature for that Perfection, which is only annexed to the superior Being.

Osman had instill'd these Sentiments into *Felicia*; he breath'd out nothing but Revenge: He had forgot *Mahomet*'s Clemency, and bent all his Thoughts upon arriving again at that Pitch of Grandeur from whence his unjust Ambition had precipitated him. The prudent *Zelopa* endeavour'd in vain to appease him; she saw with Grief, that his violent Passions could not fail one Day of proving his Destruction; and she represented to him every Moment, that his Rebellion ought to have drawn down upon him a more rigorous Treatment, and that therefore, far from complaining of the *Sultan*, he ought to requite his Goodness, by a sincere Affection: But all her Reasons, which were dictated by Justice, could not move a Man that was devour'd by two most fatal Passions. As for *Felicia*, she seemed to oppose *Osman*'s Sentiments,

but *Zelopa* perceiv'd with Sorrow, that she partly acquiesced with them.

At last these three illustrious Fugitives, who had determin'd to settle at *Athens*, arrived there after abundance of Trouble and Fatigue; the Remains of their shatter'd Fortune were still considerable enough to enable them to live with Splendor; wherefore *Osman* soon made himself distinguish'd there. He had already been settled there some Months, when Chance, or rather the Force of his Destiny, brought Prince *Jakaya* thither; the City of *Athens* seem'd to him so fine, that he resolv'd to make some Stay there. He had heard at his Arrival, of the Disgrace of the *Vizier Osman*; whereupon he was immediately tempted to visit him: he had no need to fear being discover'd by him; besides, the general Report of *Jakaya*'s Death, some Years difference, and the Fatigue of his Travels, had so much alter'd his Features, that he ran no Danger in exposing himself to the Sight of the *Vizier*.

He address'd himself then to him, under the Name of a young *Turk* of *Adrianople*, whom the Desire of travelling had made visit the finest Provinces of *Greece*.

Osman

Osman was charm'd with the good Mien of young *Orcan*, (that was the Name which conceal'd *Jakaya* from the Eyes of the whole World) and loaded him with Caresses. His Disgrace, and the ardent Desire he had to revenge himself, made him affect an extraordinary Affability; he endeavour'd to form a Party which might be capable of joining with that which he had still at *Constantinople*. The graceful Appearance therefore of *Orcan*, made him earnestly wish to engage him in his Interests; for which Reason he omitted nothing which might flatter this young Prince.

But he had no need of Artifice in order to succeed therein; the first Sight of the fair *Felicia*, had wrought such a powerful Effect on young *Orcan*'s Heart, that he judg'd very rightly from the Beginning, he should be ingaged for his whole Life in *Osman*'s Interest. *Felicia* herself had not been able to observe, without some Emotion, the Perturbation her Eyes had caused in that young *Turk*'s Heart. It is so agreeable to a Woman to be thought handsome, that there are very few who are not sensibly pleas'd at making a Conquest, especially when 'tis over

a Person, whose Merit is capable of producing the like Effect.

Jakaya was form'd after such a Manner, as to be able easily to inspire the same Sentiments as he felt himself; accordingly the young *Felicia* was sensible, at the Botom of her Heart, of an unknown Disorder, which she at first imputed only to Admiration; without reflecting that Love follows close at the Heels of an agreeable Surprize.

As for *Osman*, he had too much Experience not to take Notice of *Orcan*'s Trouble; but, far from opposing the growing Passion, he thought it necessary to his Views; he knew *Felicia* too well to fear her engaging herself without his Consent. Thus *Orcan*'s Love was suffered by the *Vizier*, and could not displease the young *Felicia*, but the Pride of that Princess made her murmur within herself, at the Disorder she felt in her Soul.

Altho' she had been but a very little while at *Athens*, the Liberty the *Grecian* Ladies have of appearing in Public, had gain'd her an infinite Number of Adorers, who had already done Justice to her Charms. The *Vizier* had expressly charged her

her to reject none; his ambitious Projects could not ſucceed but by the Number of his Creatures.

Jakaya had too much Wit not to take Notice of this artful Piece of Policy; he ſigh'd with Grief to ſee himſelf confounded amongſt the Crowd of *Felicia*'s Lovers; and trembled for fear the Favour that was ſhown him, ſhould be the Effect of a Deſign that was carried on by Ambition more than Love. He had already had the Boldneſs to declare part of his Sentiments to her who had inſpired them; they had been heard without Anger; they even ſeem'd to have been received with a ſecret Pleaſure; but it was to be feared that this Condeſcenſion was rather dictated by *Oſman*, than by *Felicia*'s Heart: Accordingly the young Prince, not being able to ſupport any longer a Doubt ſo contrary to his Love, reſolved to come to an Explanation upon that Head; to this End he watch'd ſo carefully an Opportunity of talking privately with *Felicia*, that at laſt he was ſo happy as to meet with one.

He found her then one Morning in *Oſman*'s Palace-Gardens, and approaching her with Reſpect, I know, Madam, ſaid he,

he, that, being ſatisfy'd with the Favours wherewith you honour me, I ought to bound my Happineſs there; but there are Paſſions whoſe Violence will not, without Difficulty, admit of ſuch a calm Indifference; that which I feel for you is of that Number. I adore you, Madam, and I dare own it to you without Fear, not being unworthy to wear ſuch glorious Chains; nevertheleſs what ought I to promiſe myſelf from my Boldneſs. You have received the Offer of my Heart without Anger; your beauteous Eyes have enſlaved me; *Oſman* perceives my Love without Indignation; *Zelopa* knows it without murmuring, and yet, notwithſtanding this Appearance of Happineſs, I cannot believe myſelf ſo, unleſs you will vouchſafe to confirm my Hopes. For, in ſhort, Madam, purſued he, you have Adorers who are equally ſuffered; is it out of Policy that the *Vizier* enjoins you to retain them? Am I comprehended in this Rank? And does your Heart conſent to confound me amongſt them? Speak, fair *Felicia*, tell me my Fate, be it what it will; be not afraid of diſcouraging my Love; a Heart like mine will always prefer a cruel Indifference to affected Favours.

I ſee

I ſee plainly, *Orcan*, anſwered *Felicia*, that I muſt reſolve to diſcloſe myſelf to you without Diſſimulation; you deſerve the Preference over your Rivals: Your perſonal Merit, and, perhaps, other Reaſons which your Self-Love will enable you eaſily to gueſs, force me to treat you with a Diſtinction whereof my Pride complains. 'Tis true the Vizier orders me to diſſemble; his Ambition makes him keep fair with all; I will even confeſs to you that I correſpond with his Sentiments; and that whatever Importunity I undergo every Day, from the Crowd of Lovers which beſet me, I ſuffer it in Hopes that they will aſſiſt us to arrive again at that Greatneſs which *Oſman*'s Imprudence has made him loſe. You ſeem'd proper to ſupport us in this Deſign; I muſt own to you, bluſhing, that I ſoon perceiv'd my Diſſimulation would be but ill carried on; but, *Orcan*, do not you, for that Reaſon, derive from thence any Preſage favourable to your Paſſion: I was born a Princeſs, proud, and ambitious; a Throne alone can gratify my Deſires; and none but the *Sultan* can poſſeſs me.

Ah! charming *Felicia*, ſaid the Prince, interrupting her haſtily, the Nobleneſs of

of these Sentiments overjoys me; I see with Raptures that you are worthy of the Empire to which you aspire; never shake off such a glorious Ambition; and depend upon it that *Orcan* will sacrifice his Life to contribute to your Felicity. *Jakaya* was going to continue his Discourse, and perhaps could not have help'd discovering himself entirely, if several Persons arriving there at the same Time, had not interrupted their Conversation.

The Prince return'd then overjoy'd that he had been able to constrain himself; as for *Felicia*, she was displeased at *Orcan*'s Answer; he had express'd a great deal of Zeal for her Service, but too much Coldness for a sincere Lover. 'Tis an Inclination natural enough to Ladies, they love to speak all they think, and yet take it ill if one repays them with the same Freedom.

In the mean while *Osman*, who had carried on secret Intrigues at *Constantinople*, heard with Despair, that Prince *Mahomet*, not having been able to contain himself within the Bounds of the Duty he had sworn to the *Sultan*, had been discover'd to be at the Head of another Conspiracy; and that the Emperor, to rid himself of a

Son

Son who was grown ſuch a formidable Enemy, had juſt put him to Death. This News, which was ſoon confirm'd from all parts, entirely caſt down the Courage of the *Vizier*, who ſaw himſelf depriv'd, by his Death, of the only Hope that was left him.

The beauteous *Felicia* likewiſe was ſo ſenſibly afflicted thereat, that *Jakaya* might have ſuſpected her to have had a particular Affection for *Mahomet*, had he not with Reaſon aſcribed this extreme Grief, to the Effects of the Ambition whereof ſhe had made him Confidant: As for *Zelopa*, altho' ſhe affected ſome Sorrow to pleaſe the *Vizier*, 'twas eaſy to obſerve, that ſhe was ſecretly overjoy'd to ſee the Source of *Oſman*'s Misfortunes dry'd up for ever. *Jakaya* was not one of the laſt, who was inform'd of this important News; whereupon his good Temper made him lament the ill Fate of one of his Brothers, but nevertheleſs he could not at the ſame Time help being pleaſed at the Bottom of his Heart, to ſee himſelf a Step nearer the Throne. Altho' there ſtill ſeem'd to remain unſurmountable Obſtacles thereunto, his ardent Affection for *Felicia*, made every Thing ſeem poſſible to him; ſo true it is, that Love triumphs, but too often.

often, over the moſt ſolid Virtue. This young Prince, who was born with all the Sentiments which ought to form a Hero, became on a ſudden the moſt frail of Men; neither his Religion nor his Duty, could counter-balance his Ambition, and his Paſſion.

The young *Felicia* perceived, with a ſenſible Vexation, that, notwithſtanding all his Policy, there ſparkled in *Orcan*'s Eyes a ſort of Joy, which he could not maſter. How cruel did this Diſcovery ſeem to her! She bluſh'd in ſecret at having given up her Heart to a Perſon, who ſeem'd ſo little to deſerve it. The young Prince eaſily judg'd of *Felicia*'s Sentiments, by the Care ſhe took to avoid him; he was ſeveral Days without being able to meet her in private, the more becauſe that *Oſman* having loſt his Hopes, began to diſapprove of his Love, and that of his other Rivals.

Nevertheleſs, in ſpite of *Felicia*'s Precautions, he was fortunate enough to have an Explanation with her, which at once occaſion'd both their Happineſs, and their Pain. One Day then *Jakaya*, who never loſt Sight of her, obſerved that ſhe went down into the Gardens, attended only

only by one of her Slaves, for whom she had extreme Value. Hereupon he follow'd her thither, with that tender Eagerness, which Love alone inspires. *Felicia*, after some Turns, directed her Steps to a close Arbor, where, letting herself fall upon a Bed of Turf, she ordered her Confidante to sit down by her: Then, believing herself at Liberty, she gave free Vent to her Tears. Upon this *Jakaya*, who had follow'd her without being perceiv'd, was willing to satisfy his Curiosity, before he shew'd himself; to which End, having slipp'd behind the Arbor, the Thickness of whose Shade hid him from their Sight, he heard the Slave break Silence.

In earnest, Madam, said she, you ought to have Recourse to the whole Strength of your Understanding, to dispel that gloomy Melancholy that torments you. I own it is cutting to find one's self deceiv'd in one's Expectations; it is grievous to be born to Greatness, and see one's self depriv'd thereof for ever; but these are Misfortunes that ought to be expected: There is nothing stable in this Life; and the Moments which seem to us the most happy, are often the most to be feared. Ah! my dear *Fatima*, interrupted

terrupted the lovely *Felicia* with a Sigh; I am convinced more than any one of this Truth, but all my Reason cannot get the better of my Weakness: How happy should I be, pursued she, if Ambition alone caused all my Troubles! But, alas! Love joins with it to make me unfortunate. I have not concealed from thee the Love *Orcan* has express'd to me; I have even owned to thee, that my Heart has made but too ample Returns thereto; I have told thee the Advice he gave me (generous indeed, but little like a Lover) when I discovered to him the Sentiments of my Heart; and thine Eyes have been Witnesses of the secret Tears which this Insensibility has cost me: For, in short, continued she with Vehemence, ought not he to have disapproved of what was directly contrary to his Love? But so far was the ungrateful Man from seeming moved therewith, that he dares discover to my Face a malicious Joy for the Death of *Mahomet*. No, no, *Fatima*, the perfidious *Orcan* never lov'd me.

'Tis too much, beauteous *Felicia*, interrupted her suddenly *Jakaya*, falling at her Feet; I abandon the unworthy *Orcan* to your Indignation, but deign to admit in his Stead a Prince who adores you;' I have

have too long conceal'd from you the Secret which ſecures me from the Knowledge of the whole Earth; Love is an Enemy to Foreſight, near the Object of our Deſires. Hear my Fate, continued he, and know that it is only for your Sake, that I will aſſume a Title which will render me truly worthy of the Happineſs of pleaſing you.

At theſe Words *Jakaya* made an exact Recital of his Adventures, and at laſt diſcovered himſelf to be a Prince; of whoſe Soul, Love and Ambition had taken abſolute Poſſeſſion. Exquiſite were the Tranſports of *Felicia* at this News; accordingly ſhe gave herſelf entirely up to the tender Emotions which ſhe felt: Go, Prince, ſaid ſhe, tenderly preſſing his Hand, depend always upon the Heart of *Felicia*; you have been a Witneſs of my Weakneſs for the unjuſt *Orcan*, be ſo likewiſe now of my Fidelity to a Prince, whoſe Heart is a thouſand Times more precious to me than the Throne which he vouchſafes to promiſe me.

This Converſation, which was dictated by an ardent Love, would not have ended ſo ſoon, if the *Vizier*, to whom Deſpair gave no Reſt, had not arrived in that

that Place. His Surprize was excessive at meeting *Orcan* there, and at the Feet of *Felicia*; whereupon looking upon his Daughter, with Eyes wherein Anger was visibly painted. Is it thus, Princess, said he, that you fulfil my Will, and your Duty? This young rash Wretch, is he in this Posture to thank you for your Favours, or to take an eternal Leave? And thou, continued he, turning himself towards the Prince, art thou ignorant of the Respect that is due to me? And canst thou imagine that, notwithstanding the cruel Change of my Fortune, I will suffer any one to offend me with Impunity?

Far from endeavouring to displease you, interrupted *Jakaya*, rising up, I appear here only as the Avenger of *Osman*, and as a Prince who comes to offer a Throne to the Adorable *Felicia*. The *Vizier*, drawing back some Steps at these Words, What Advantage canst thou expect to reap from this Fable, said he? Dost thou hope thereby to avoid the just Effects of my Wrath? What Throne is it thou meanest? And what Prince's Name wouldst thou assume?

Your Doubt offends me not in the least, said the pretended *Orcan*, in his Turn, interrupting

terrupting him; but when you are inform'd that my Name is *Jakaya*, and that, in order to escape the Persecution of my Brothers, the *Sultaness Lapare* concealed me from their Rage, by a supposed Death; I dare hope that the Force of Truth will make you approve both of my Love and Sincerity.

May I give Credit to this Discovery, cry'd out the ambitious *Osman*? Is it possible that a Prince, whose Death I have so long deplored, can have left the Tomb, to enable me to die in his Service. Yes, my dear *Osman*, replied the Prince, you see before you a Man ready to undertake every Thing, for Glory and for Love. At these Words the *Vizier*, whether he was entirely convinced, or whether he pretended so to be, that he might have a Colour to carry on the Imposture, prostrated himself at the Prince's Feet, and took a thousand Oaths of Fidelity to him: At last, after the first Transports were over, it was concluded between them, to conceal carefully the Prince's Birth, 'till a favourable Opportunity should offer to form a Party, without giving the least Suspicion to *Mahomet*.

They

They took then what Measures they thought convenient, for the Success of such an important Design; and the Prince resolv'd to set out a few Days after for *Saloniki*, in order to provide himself with all the Certificates which might help to make him be acknowledged, by justifying his Birth; whilst the *Vizier*, for his Part, should prepare to send away faithful Emissaries, to draw together the Malecontents.

Accordingly *Jakaya* set out from *Athens*, on Pretence of finishing his Travels, in order to go, with all Expedition, where the *Sultaness Lapare* was lamenting the Absence of her Son. But, before he parted from *Felicia*, what did not these tender Lovers say! One must have lov'd to know what Love makes one say and feel on such Occasions. Their Farewels were tender, their Vows sincere, and their Pains extream. In short, they parted after having signalized this melancholy Separation by their Tears, and by their Sighs; the Thoughts of meeting again could not alleviate their Grief; there are certain Misfortunes which Hope itself cannot assuage.

Nevertheless,

Nevertheless, as both Ambition and Love were concerned in the Prince's Departure, he tore himself from *Felicia*, and posted by great Journies to *Saloniki*. It is impossible to express the Joy of the tender *Lapare*, at the Return of a Son who was so dear to her; but this Satisfaction soon gave way to the most mortal Displeasure, when, some Days after his Arrival, *Jakaya* inform'd her of his Design, and of the Reason of his returning to her.

What, Prince! cry'd out the unfortunate *Sultaness*, terrified at this dreadful Resolution! Do you forget that you are a *Christian*, and that you can't pretend to the *Turkish* Empire, without renouncing *Christianity?* I am not ignorant of this cruel Necessity, interrupted *Jakaya*; I should flatter myself in vain with the Hopes of being able to retain my Religion upon the *Ottoman* Throne; but, Madam, I find myself hurry'd away in spite of myself: I ought to reign; my Rank calls me to it; and the tenderest of Passions spurs me on; nothing can tear this Design from my Heart; and altho' Duty and Reason both seem to oppose it, I must own, blushing, that their Advice

will be fruitleſs, and that a ſuperiour Power conſtrains me no longer to hearken to any Thing, but Love and Ambition.

What a Declaration was this to a virtuous and tender Mother! A Thunderbolt is leſs dreadful to the Wretch whom it cruſhes. To ſee a beloved Son load himſelf with eternal Ignominy; to find in a Prince, Sentiments contrary to Duty and Virtue; and, in ſhort, to meet in this ſame Perſon, with a Heart barbarous enough to break his own Mother's: All theſe Thoughts overwhelm'd the wretched *Lapare*, with ſo much Violence, that her Body not being able to bear up againſt the Perturbations of her Mind, ſhe fell dangerouſly ſick, and was in a few Days paſt all Hopes.

Jakaya was ſo ſenſible of the Condition to which he had reduced the *Sultaneſs*, that he was within a little of following her to the Grave. You are afflicted at my Death, ſaid *Lapare* to him faintly one Day, without reflecting that 'tis you who have given me the mortal Wound; but, my dear Son, I forgive it you, grant me, at leaſt, the Satisfaction to ſee you abandon a Deſign, that makes me ſhudder

both

both for your Conſcience, and your Life. What will the whole Univerſe ſay, if you perſiſt therein? What Shame will it be for a Prince to have chang'd his Religion twice? Can the very People, over whom you endeavour to reign, love and eſteem a Man, who is capable of making a Jeſt of the moſt holy Myſteries, thro' Levity or Ambition? Ah my Son! continu'd the *Sultaneſs*, ſhedding a Flood of Tears, recollect yourſelf, and don't render yourſelf criminal by an odious Act, which would draw upon you the Anger of Heaven, and the Scorn of Mankind. How ſhould I bleſs my Death, purſued ſhe, if it could draw you back from the horrid Abyſs, wherein you are going to precipitate yourſelf! Open your Eyes, my Son, in cloſing mine, and pay to my Memory that ſalutary Tribute, which my tender Affection requires of your Heart.

During this Diſcourſe, which was the laſt that *Lapare* could utter, the Prince was melting in Tears by his Mother's Bed-ſide. He reproach'd himſelf with being the Cauſe of her Death; and he ſaw, with a ſecret Abhorrence of himſelf, that this Cauſe was entirely ſhameful! *Jakaya* then only thought of a dying Mother; he promiſed every thing; he

even swore to renounce for ever, all Designs that were unworthy of his Education, and his Duty; and there is some Reason to imagine, that he sincerely intended what he then promised. How moving were these Reflexions! How worthy were these Resolutions of a great Prince! But, alas! how excessive, on the other Hand, was his Frailty!

Within a few Days after the Death of the *Sultaness*, he received an Express from *Osman*, which in an instant overthrew all his noble Resolutions: He open'd the Packet that was deliver'd to him with an extreme Impatience, in hopes of finding therein a Letter from *Felicia*; accordingly he was not deceiv'd: That of *Osman* was as follows.

LETTER.

EVERY Thing seems to conspire, my Lord, to the Success of our glorious Designs: Selim *is just dead; he alone might have proved an Obstacle to our Purpose, since, according to the Course of Nature, he must have possessed the Throne before you, which is your lawful Right after his Death. Make haste then, my Lord, to repair hither; I have already disposed our Friends to receive*

you

you, and to sacrifice their Lives for your Interest: They wait now only for their Chief, who is to be their lawful Emperor after the Death of Mahomet. *'Tis only to maintain your future Right that we take up Arms; therefore, my Lord, let not your nice Honour make you look upon our Designs as criminal: It is not a Rebellion which will set you at our Head; the Thought alone of making yourself acknowledged as Heir to the Empire, obliges you to assert your Dignity. Come then, my Lord, amongst your faithful Subjects, who acknowledge you as their true Emperor, but I should be jealous of having any of them the first to call you so: It belongs to my Zeal, to my Affection, and to my Respect, to have the Honour to proclaim you* Sultan; *I deserve it by the ardent Desire which I shall have all my Life, to place you upon the Throne, and to maintain you there till my last Gasp.*

OSMAN.

The reading of this Letter wrought upon the Prince's Mind, all the Effect that could be expected from Ambition alone; but that of *Felicia* quite determined him: It was to this purpose.

LETTER.

IS it possible, my dear Prince, that with so much Love as you have express'd to me, you have so little Impatience to be again with what you love? Must I be oblig'd to call you back? Is it necessary that you should be inform'd of the Death of your Brother. In short, is it requisite that the Charms of a Throne should hasten your Return? Ah! Prince, you know not what it is to love; Felicia's *Heart is more tender: Your Absence, but one Moment, costs her Tears, and your Neglect makes her desperate; what would not I give to make you think the same.*

FELICIA.

Can one defend one's self long against such dangerous Shafts! Accordingly the Prince forgot in a Moment, both his Glory and Repentance, and gave himself up more than ever to the tyrannical Passions, whose Violence Reason had only suspended. He provided himself then eagerly, with all that could conduce to his being acknowledged, and at last set out on his Way to *Athens*. How long did this Journey seem to him! Altho' he posted thither with all Expedition. (Impatience is one of the tenderest

tendereſt Marks of Love.) *Jakaya* complained of his own Slowneſs; he accuſed himſelf of Negligence, and thought the Days Journies of an intolerable Length: In ſhort, he was ſuch as they deſcribe real Lovers to be, when abſent from the Object of their Loves. *Felicia* took up all his Thoughts; and if the Remembrance of a Throne came ſometimes to flatter him in his Turn, it was only in order to ſhare it with her whom he adored.

How little did this Prince deſerve the Reproaches that were in *Felicia*'s Letter! Never was Man more amorous; and altho' his Conſcience gave him ſome ſecret Remorſe, for the Levity wherewith he violated his Duty and his Vows, it could not counterbalance the Pleaſure which he promiſed himſelf in again ſeeing *Felicia*. At laſt this Prince arriv'd at *Athens*, and flew to the Palace of *Oſman*; but how great was his Surprize, and his Deſpair, when the *Vizier* himſelf told him, that, by the *Sultan*'s Order, *Felicia* had been carry'd off, conducted to the *Seraglio* at *Conſtantinople*.

Mahomet's Emiſſaries had ſpoken to him ſo advantageouſly of the Beauty of this incomparable Maiden, that he had

at last ordered them to fetch her, either by Force, or otherwise, from the Arms of *Osman* and *Zelopa*. The *Vizier* was so much exasperated with Fury, at such a sensible Affront, that he would undoubtedly have been tempted to an open Rebellion, altho' it had been in vain; if he had not depended upon the Return of *Jakaya*, who, in all probability, would partake both of his Rage and his Vengeance.

He was not all mistaken, never Despair equall'd that of this young Prince, at the Relation of a Violence whereof his Love made him so sensible: He swore he would expose his Life a thousand Times, to deliver *Felicia* from such an odious Tyranny. In short, he express'd his Anger in such lively Transports, that *Osman* himself was obliged to endeavour to appease him. 'Tis certain, that the impetuous Sallies of Love almost always exceed the Emotions which Nature excites in us.

Nevertheless, as it was more necessary to have Recourse to Remedies, than to amuse themselves with fruitless Complaints, the Prince and the *Vizier* set out the very next Morning from *Athens*, after having furnish'd themselves with all the Jewels which

Jakaya

Jakaya had brought from *Saloniki*; whilst the mournful *Zelopa* shut herself up in an austere Retirement, where some Time afterwards she ended her Days.

Osman, who had a vast Experience and Capacity, and yet much more Ambition, had so well prepared all Things, during the Prince's Stay in *Macedonia*, that they were not long before they found themselves at the Head of a considerable Party. *Jakaya* made himself known to them with a general Applause; whereupon the Rebels took an Oath of Fidelity to him, with all the Ceremonies in Use amongst the *Turks*, and declared him lawful Successor to his *Highness*.

This News was not long before it reach'd the *Porte*, at which *Mahomet* was astonish'd; but as he was a Prince sufficiently intrepid, altho' absorb'd in all sorts of Voluptuousness, he gave orders for levying what Troops were necessary on all Sides. He look'd upon *Jakaya* as an Impostor, being fully perswaded of the Death of that Prince; for which Reason he spared no Pains to destroy him.

During these Preparations for War, the unfortunate *Felicia*, who was a Slave

in the *Seraglio*, receiv'd the *Sultan*'s Declarations of his Affection, with a Haughtineſs to which his *Highneſs* had never been accuſtom'd. In vain had he Recourſe both to his Tenderneſs, and his Power; neither the one nor the other could move the Heart of a Perſon who was rather born to command than to obey. Know, ſaid ſhe to him ſometimes, that thy Power cannot extend over my Will; and that being Sovereign of myſelf, my Death ſhall prevent my acknowledging any other Authority, than my Reaſon and my Duty.

Mahomet was ſurpriz'd at the Haughtineſs of her Behaviour; he hop'd however that his Submiſſion and his Love, might at laſt ſurmount her Obſtinacy. In the mean while, the Number of Prince *Jakaya*'s Troops increaſed every Day; the Care of *Oſman* form'd the military Diſcipline, that was obſerv'd in the new *Sultan*'s Army, inſomuch that it was ſoon able to keep the Field; whilſt that of *Mahomet*, commanded by the *Grand Vizier Azem*, advanc'd by long Marches againſt the Rebels.

Jakaya had diſperſed a great Number of Manifeſto's, whereby he repreſented

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the lawful Right he had to the imperial Throne, after *Mahomet*'s Death, as being the eldest of his Sons: He protested that he had taken up Arms only in order to get himself acknowledg'd as only Heir to the Empire; that he knew the Respect which he ow'd to *Sultan Mahomet*; and that provided Justice was done him, as to his future Right, to the Exclusion of his Brother's, he was ready to lay down his Arms, and show himself one of his *Highness*'s most faithful Subjects.

These Protestations seem'd so natural, that they contributed not a little towards rendering his Army very numerous; hereupon the *Grand Vizier Azem*, who was apprehensive of the Consequences, march'd with incredible Expedition, and was in a small Time in presence of the Enemy.

The Skirmishes were bloody on both Sides, but notwithstanding the Valour of *Jakaya*, and the good Conduct of *Osman*, they were almost all to the Disadvantage of the Rebels. The new *Sultan* endeavoured to come to a decisive Battle; but the prudent *Azem*, who saw himself Master of the Country, resolved to harrass the Enemy's Army, without hazarding his own; wherefore he posted himself so

advantageously, that it was impossible to force him in his Intrenchments.

These Delays made *Jakaya* desperate; insomuch that his Love growing at last too strong for his Ambition, he resolved to go in Disguise to *Constantinople*. The Imagination of *Felicia*'s being exposed, either to the Fury or the Passion of the *Sultan*, tormented him to such a Degree, that Love and Jealousy made him guilty of a Step, which was partly the Cause of his Ruin.

The War which he had undertaken seem'd to him of too long Continuance for his amorous Impatience; he had to do with an experienc'd Captain, and warlike Troops; besides the Success was doubtful; he saw very well that he could not force *Azem* to a Battle, during the whole Campaign; *Osman* himself had agreed thereto with Sorrow: In short, being overcome by Reasons which Love made him think sufficient, he quitted the Camp, without giving Notice to any one, and left only a Letter for *Osman*, which contain'd to this Effect.

LETTER

LETTER.

Sultan Jakaya to the *Vizier Osman.*

YOU *will, no Doubt, be astonish'd, my dear* Osman, *on hearing of my Departure; I am myself at my Weakness; but forgive it to my Age and to my Love; both the one and the other hurry me away to* Felicia: *I go to die, or to deliver her; nothing can deter me from so glorious a Design: I go even to find the Means to bring over to my Party some Persons of Note, who may assist us to support Truth and Virtue. In the mean while I leave you all my Authority; command as Sovereign in my Absence, I shall not be long before I restore to you the incomparable* Felicia, *or you will lose for ever your Friend,*

The Sultan Jakaya.

This Letter, and the Prince's Departure, made *Osman* tremble; he easily comprehended that it ruined his Hopes; most of the Rebels would in all probability return to their Duty, when they saw themselves abandoned by the only Person who had made them criminal: Besides, it might be imagined that *Jakaya* was but

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an Impoſtor; ſince the *Vizier*'s Army intimidated him to that Degree, as to make him diſappear at a Time when his Preſence was ſo neceſſary.

In Effect, the Fears of *Oſman* appear'd to be but too well grounded; as ſoon as the Departure of *Jakaya* was known, a Murmur was heard throughout the Camp, which was no good Omen to the Ambitious *Vizier*. In vain did he invent Pretences for the Prince's Abſence, nothing could excuſe his making ſo dangerous a Falſe-Step. But it was much worſe when the News of *Mahomet*'s Death reached the Camp; they were informed at the ſame Time of the Proclamation of *Sultan Achmet*, a Prince ſixteen Years old, of whom there was great Hopes.

This News would doubtleſs have rejoiced the *Vizier Oſman*, had he had the *Sultan Jakaya* in his Power; ſince it brought him lawfully to the Throne, and render'd his Inſurrection neceſſary. But not knowing where to find him at ſuch a nice Juncture, he eaſily knew that, far from reaping any Advantange from thence, which he ought to have hoped, he was upon the Point of being irrecoverably ruin'd.

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In Effect, great Part of his Army disbanded in Hopes of a general Pardon from the new *Sultan*. The *Vizier* saw, with Despair, both his Forces and his Credit decrease; and he rightly judg'd that the Evil would grow worse every Day: This Thought made him resolve to venture a Battle; which was bloody and doubtful; but at last *Osman*'s Army was entirely defeated, and he himself did not escape without great Difficulty.

In the mean while *Jakaya* was arrived at *Constantinople*, where he had already sought all Means of introducing himself into the Gardens of the *Seraglio*; and, as he was as witty as enterprizing, he began to flatter himself that he should succeed, when *Mahomet*'s Death overthrew all his Projects. The Advancement of *Achmet* was a mortal Stroke to him; he rightly conjectur'd what Effect this News would have upon his Army; he repented of his rash Undertaking; and foresaw the fatal Consequences; but it was no longer Time to give himself up to fruitless Reflexions: He was more than once tempted to have return'd to *Osman*; but he was afraid of arriving there too late, or rather his *Love* detain'd him: He was desirous of knowing

knowing which would be the new Favourite; he enquired diligently, and trembled for Fear of hearing the Name of *Felicia*; at last, after some Days, he was put out of Suspence.

The *Sultana Volidé* had a Slave nam'd *Keira-Kaden*, of a complaisant insinuating Wit, and a pretty regular Beauty. This Maid, protected by the *Sultaness*, was introduced to *Achmet*; and found the Means in a few Days to insinuate herself so far into his good Graces, that she became the Favourite of the *Seraglio*.

This News overjoy'd the young Prince; but his Transports were soon changed into a cruel Sorow, when the News of *Osman*'s Defeat reach'd *Constantinople*. With what Despair was not *Jakaya* overwhelmed! What a Thunder-Stroke was this to a Prince devoured by *Love* and *Ambition!* He reproached himself, and with Reason, with his own Misfortunes; He accus'd himself of *Osman*'s Ruin; in short, he tortur'd himself to such an Excess, that he fell dangerously ill; and was in a few Days at the Point of Death.

During his Sickness, which was very tedious, and from whence he could never have

have recovered, had it not been for his extream Youth, and the Strength of his Constitution, there happened very considerable Alterations at the *Porte*. The *Grand Vizier Azem*, after *Osman*'s Defeat, and the Rebels being entirely dispersed, having nothing more to do for the *Sultan*'s Service, set out on his March back to *Constantinople*, which he reach'd in a small Time.

On his Arrival there, he was surpriz'd, to the last Degree, at the Reception given him by his *Highness*; he expected the Praises which he had justly merited, and met with nothing but Contempt. *Keira-Kaden* had made herself so much Mistress of young *Achmet*'s Fancy and Will, that she had prevailed on him to promise her the Office of *Grand Vizier* for one of the *Sultana Validé*'s Creatures.

Neither had this important Post alone been granted her, but she had likewise disposed of every other Place, with such Authority, that all the Officers of the Army began to murmur at the *Grand Signior*'s Blindness.

Hereupon the *Vizier Azem* finding such an Extraordinary Change in the State, and

and well knowing that it would not be long before the Seal of the Empire would be demanded back, put himself at the Head of the Malecontents, who mutiny'd at last to such a Degree, that the *Sultan* was within an Ace of being dethroned. In short, he was very happy in appeasing this dangerous Sedition, by abandoning *Keira-Kaden* to the Fury of the Soldiers, who tore her in Pieces.

By this means *Achmet* diverted the impending Storm, that seemed to threaten his own Head; and *Azem* was kept in his Post: But as the *Sultan* knew that the *Grand Vizier* had been the Chief of the Mutineers; he concealed in his Breast a lively Resentment against this Minister, which he fully resolv'd to discover on the first Occasion.

Azem was too sharp-sighted not to be sensible of *Achmet*'s Hatred; accordingly he endeavoured to prevent it, by forming himself a Party capable to resist it. Things were in this Posture when *Jakaya* began to recover Strength, and to leave his Bed.

He was soon inform'd of all the Revolutions that had happened during his Illness;

neſs; and thought he ought to take Advantage of ſuch a favourable Juncture: Wherefore, without loſing Time, he went to the *Grand Vizier*, and intruſted him with the Secret of his Birth. He then aſk'd him his Protection, with ſo much Grace and Wit, that *Azem* thought he could find no better Way to be reveng'd of *Achmet*, than by ſetting up *Jakaya* againſt him.

He promis'd him therefore his Aſſiſtance with Joy, and began from that very Day to ſerve him, with all the Vigour of a Man who endeavours to ſecure himſelf from an evident Danger. The firſt Perſon he thought proper to make ſure of, was *Cherſeg Ogli* the Great Gardener; he brought him acquainted with *Jakaya*, and uſed his utmoſt Efforts to induce him to enter into the Conſpiracy, which he was plotting. *Cherſeg Ogli*, to whom Life had been long a Burden, altho' in the flower of his Age, embrac'd eagerly this Opportunity of ſerving the Prince, without troubling himſelf about the fatal Conſequences that might attend ſuch a bold Attempt.

In the mean while *Jakaya* had partly re-aſſumed his Hopes, without having loſt any

any of his Love; wherefore he resolv'd to make the Great Gardener his Confidant. Accordingly he discover'd to him his Passion for *Felicia*, in Terms so tender and so ardent, that *Cherseg Ogli*, who knew but too well, by Experience, what Torments Love is capable of causing, was moved with the Description. Nevertheless he did not fail to represent to the Prince, the Difficulty and Danger to which he was going to expose himself, if he persisted in his Resolution to get into the *Seraglio*: But nothing seems difficult to a Man truly in Love.

Accordingly *Jakaya* was not in the least moved at the Prospect of Dangers, whereof they gave him a faithful Account; on the contrary, it seem'd to him that all the Obstacles which he should have to surmount, would be so many new Sacrifices to his Love, and to his dear *Felicia*. He press'd the Great Gardener therefore with so much Earnestness to satisfy him, that at last *Cherseg Ogli* promis'd to introduce him into the Gardens of the *Seraglio*.

This Promise gave the young Prince such Transports of Joy, as tender Souls alone are capable of feeling. He waited the appointed

appointed Hour, with all the Impatience imaginable. In the mean while the *Grand Vizier* labour'd for *Jakaya*, with all possible Ardour; he began even to flatter himself, that he should succeed; he had just heard of the Revolt of *Peri Bassa*, who had taken up Arms in *Asia*, at the Instigation of *Osman*, who had fled to him for Refuge, after the Loss of the Battle.

This News seem'd to be a fortunate Presage of the Success of his Designs; wherefore he inform'd *Jakaya* thereof; who not only was overjoy'd at this important Diversion, but also to hear an Account of his dear *Osman*. He had fear'd, and not without Reason, the Complaints of *Felicia*; indeed he ought to have fear'd them, since he was the Cause of that *Vizier*'s Ruin; it was his Imprudence that had deliver'd up *Osman* to his Misfortunes; but, in short, hearing that he was escap'd, it was no more than a Disaster which Ambition made common to them both: Accordingly the amorous Prince felt his Impatience redouble, to acquaint *Felicia* with a Thing wherein she was so nearly concern'd.

At last this long wish'd for Moment came, and *Cherseg Ogli* introduced him under

der the plain Habit of a Journeyman Gardener, after which, not being able to do him any farther Service, he left him to go and attend the Buſineſs belonging to his Poſt. *Jakaya* advanc'd then boldly towards a large *Parterre*, that was over againſt the Windows of the *Sultana's*, and there making as if he work'd at the Borders of Flowers, he fix'd his Eyes attentively on that Side where all he lov'd was confin'd.

With how many cruel Reflexions was he agitated! What a terrible Thought muſt it be to a young, amorous, and jealous Prince! To know the Object of his Deſires expoſed to the Ardours of a Monarch, whoſe Will is a ſovereign Law! All theſe afflicting Ideas crowded into his Imagination, when he ſaw a Woman in a Veil advance haſtily towards him. At firſt ſhe hardly ſeem'd as if ſhe obſerv'd him; but ſtopping a Moment, when ſhe thought ſhe might be heard by the Prince, young Man, ſaid ſhe to him, if thou haſt Courage and Wit, thou may'ſt expect every Thing from the Gratitude of one of the handſomeſt *Sultana's* in the *Seraglio.*

And

And what can I do to prove to her both the one and the other, ſaid *Jakaya*, briſkly interrupting her? Read the Paper that I drop, anſwered the veil'd Woman, and follow exactly what is contain'd therein. Having ſaid theſe Words, the Woman haſten'd away, after having let fall a Note, which the Prince took up without Affectation, for fear of being obſerved; which done, being impatient to know what was requir'd of him, and referring every Thing to his Love, he was upon the Point of leaving the Place, and going to find *Cherſeg Ogli*, when the *Grand Signior* himſelf appear'd at the Head of all the *Sultana*'s.

Notwithſtanding *Jakaya*'s Courage, he could not help ſhuddering at this Sight; his retiring would have ſeem'd ſuſpicious; wherefore taking his Spade up again, he ſet afreſh about his Work, without lifting up his Eyes towards the *Sultan*, who advanced towards him, attended by his whole Court.

During this Interval, *Jakaya* readily conſider'd what he ſhould do, if the *Sultan* ſhould addreſs himſelf to him: He reſolv'd to counterfeit the Idiot, that on pretence

pretence of this Infirmity, he might often appear in the ſame Place, without giving any Umbrage to his *Highneſs*.

He had hardly form'd this Deſign, before he was oblig'd to make Uſe of it; for *Achmet* approaching, and knitting his Brows; who gave you the Boldneſs, ſaid he, to approach ſo near the *Seraglio?* Has not *Cherſeg Ogli* inform'd you, that it belongs only to him to come into this Place? At theſe Words *Jakaya*, lifting up his Head, look'd upon the *Sultan*, and laugh'd; after which, without paying him any Reſpect, he ſet about his Work again, and made him no anſwer.

At this Action the young *Sultan* fell a laughing, and turning to the *Sultana*'s who accompany'd him; this young Man, ſaid he, will never reconcile the Law of *Mahomet*, and the Sect of *Hali*. This Jeſt was follow'd with a general Approbation; ſo true it is that the leaſt Word of a great Man, is always thought extraordinary, if there be never ſo little Wit therein.

In the mean while *Jakaya* made as if he heard nothing, and was all the Time ſo attentive about his Work, that his extreme

extreme Application to it, redoubled the Shouts of the *Sultana's*. *Achmet* himself, whose Temper was wholly turn'd to Mirth, was just going to perplex the Prince by fresh Questions, when the Great Gardener, having perceived the *Sultan* in Talk with *Jakaya*, made the utmost Haste thither, in order to break off such a terrible Conversation. He trembled for fear the young Prince, by his Answers, should have filled *Achmet* with any Suspicions; but he was agreeably undeceiv'd, when the *Sultan* accosting him; *Cherseg*, said he, the Simplicity of this Fellow is very great; have you employ'd him any Time? Hereupon the Great Gardener, who had himself abundance of Wit, easily apprehended what Part *Jakaya* had acted; wherefore he readily answered; that he had employ'd him about eight Months in the *Seraglio-Gardens*, and that since he had had the Honour to serve their *Highnesses*, in the Post he then enjoy'd, he had never met with a more laborious Journeyman; that indeed it was pretty difficult to make him apprehend any Thing, but that as soon as he once understood it, he executed it with surprizing Activity and Diligence.

After this changing the Subject artfully, he propoſed to the *Sultan*, to ſhew him a new Machine that was juſt finiſh'd, and that diſtributed Water to the fartheſt Parts of the Gardens. *Achmet* accepted the Offer, and went with *Cherſeg Ogli*, without taking any farther Notice of *Jakaya*; upon which all the *Sultana's* follow'd, without making any longer ſtay there: Thus was the young Prince diſengag'd from a very troubleſome, and perplexing Conference.

As ſoon as he had loſt Sight of the *Sultan*, he return'd with ſpeed to the Great Gardener's Houſe, where he no ſooner arriv'd, than without making too long a Reflexion upon the Danger he had juſt eſcaped, he opened the Note that was left him, and read as follows.

To the firſt Generous Unknown.

THERE is in the Seraglio *an unfortunate Maid, who has long groaned under an odious Tyranny; if thou wilt contribute to the breaking her Chains, thou may'ſt depend upon the greateſt Proofs of her Gratitude: conſult thy Heart, thy Wit, and thy Courage; if they incite thee to anſwer her Expectation, notwith-*

notwithstanding the Horrors of the Danger that may attend thy noble Enterprize, be at two in the Morning, at the Cabinet of Statues. If, on the contrary, thou trembleſt at the Proſpect of the fatal Conſequences of a raſh Attempt, the Death, which ſhe will give herſelf, ſhall deliver her from the Torments ſhe endures.

The reading of this Note, cauſed an extraordinary Emotion in *Jakaya*'s Heart; he believ'd it was from *Felicia:* Love perſwaded him that ſhe only eſteemed herſelf miſerable, as ſhe was parted from him. In ſhort, a thouſand flattering Chimæra's, the Product of his youthful Fancy, inſinuated themſelves into his Soul, and touch'd him in the moſt ſenſible Part.

He was ſtill buſy'd in theſe Thoughts, when *Cherſeg Ogli* enter'd, he could not help murmuring a little at the Prince's Imprudence, in advancing ſo near the *Seraglio*; but, *Jakaya* ſtopping him ſhort: Ceaſe, my dear Friend, ſaid he, to accuſe me; Fortune ſeems to have conducted me to the Place for which you reproach me, in order to contribute to my Happineſs. Read, purſued he, giving him the Paper which he had in his Hand, and ſee if I am not happy, that Chance

affords me the Means to deliver *Felicia*, or to perish in her Sight.

And who has told you, said the Great Gardener coldly, returning him his Note, that this *Sultaness* is *Felicia*? There are so many others that groan under a cruel Captivity, that without a full Conviction, one cannot discover her, who dares thus expose herself, upon the Faith of an Unknown.

Cruel Friend! cry'd out the Prince sighing, what barbarous Pleasure canst thou take in tearing from me a Thought, wherein consisted all my Happiness? But, no matter, pursued he, I will go to the Place appointed, whatever Misfortunes may befal me there; I shall at least have the poor Consolation to imagine, that 'tis for *Felicia* I expose myself. Besides, if it should be another *Sultaness*, and not she whom I adore, I will prevail on her to render my Princess the Companion of her Flight, which she will not dare refuse, since it will be only on that Condition, that I will procure her her Liberty: In short, my dear Friend, nothing can dissuade me from this glorious Design.

In

In vain did *Cherseg Ogli* represent to the Prince, how dangerous this Enterprize must be; in vain he endeavoured to intimidate him; *Love* knows no other Fear, than that of not being able to satisfy it's Desires. Accordingly the young Prince, being hurried away by a tyrannical Passion, slighted the prudent Advice of the Great Gardener, and resolv'd to be the next Morning at the Cabinet of Statues. *Cherseg Ogli* had gone too far, to be able to draw back; wherefore he consented, although with some Pain, to *Jakaya*'s Desires.

In the mean while the *Grand Vizier Azem*, from whom they had conceal'd the Prince's rash Design, continu'd to labour underhand for his Interest. He had had secret Conferences with several great Lords of the *Porte*, which had determin'd them to declare in Favour of the new *Sultan*. They even met at the *Grand Vizier Azem*'s, where they took an Oath of Fidelity to the young Prince; who receiv'd them with that affable and charming Air, which gain'd him every Heart.

It was at last agreed in this Conference, that the young *Sultan* should be assassina-

ted the first Time he went a Hunting, which was generally once a Week; and that after this was effected, the *Grand Vizier* should present the new *Sultan* to the *Janizaries*, who being supported by their *Aga*, whom they had taken Care to gain, would not fail to acknowledge him. *Azem* engaged solemnly to furnish, out of his own Treasure, the Pay and the Donative which the new Emperors must distribute amongst the Soldiers. In short, all was concluded, and all seem'd so feasible, that there was room to hope for a prosperous Event; but the Decrees of Providence seldom agree with human Designs. Accordingly *Achmet* was preserv'd from this Danger, and made the Evils which they intended for him, revert upon his Enemies.

As for *Jakaya*, although Appearances seem'd to flatter him, with the Promise of an happy Issue, a secret Foreboding withstood his Hopes. *Cherseg Ogli*, who had been present at the Agreement just concluded at the *Grand Vizier*'s, would have made Use thereof, to deter the Prince from meeting at the Place appointed. My Lord, said he, after they were both retir'd to his House to pass the Night there; permit me to represent to

you,

you, that it will be an inconſiderate Raſhneſs in you to perſiſt in the Deſign which you have form'd. You are going to be Maſter of the Empire, and conſequently the *Seragilo* will be in your Power; it will be eaſy for you to make the happy *Felicia* your Empreſs there; why would you expoſe yourſelf to be not only diſcovered and deſtroy'd, but alſo to make an Enterprize miſcarry, wherein all your Friends who are concern'd with you, will undoubtedly periſh under the *Sultan*'s juſt Indignation.

Ah! my dear Friend! cry'd the Prince, interrupting him ſorrowfully, how little art thou acquainted with the Power of Love? Thinkeſt thou that it can rely eaſily upon an uncertain Futurity? The beſt concerted Deſign, may be overthrown in an Inſtant: Wouldſt thou have me loſe a certain Opportunity, upon a doubtful Probability? Beſides, my dear Friend, what Obligation would *Felicia* have to me, ſhould I ſtay till Fortune had placed me upon the Throne, before I flew to her Aſſiſtance. Would ſhe not have Reaſon to imagine ſhe ow'd her Deliverance more to Ambition than Love? She believes her Father dead, ſhe accuſes me thereof, and wouldſt thou have me wait

longer before I extricate her from an Error so contrary to my Happiness? No, no, *Cherseg Ogli*, pursued he, nothing can dissuade me from my Design, and if thou refusest me thy Assistance on this Occasion, I renounce the Grandeur to which thou wouldst raise me.

My Lord, interrupted the Great Gardener, I ask Pardon for having dared to oppose your Will; Heaven is my Witness that it was only for your Preservation; but, in short, since my Perswasions are in vain, not only I submit to what you wish, but will likewise share in the Danger to which you are going to expose yourself: Besides, continu'd he sighing, Life is a Burthen to unfortunate Persons.

Is it possible, answered *Jakaya*, that thou canst have been oppress't with any Misfortunes? I know few Men so miserable as myself, reply'd the Great Gardener sorrowfully; all my Reason cannot triumph over the cruel Passion that rends my Heart; I love without Hope; I thought myself belov'd; and I saw myself, at one and the same Time, betray'd by Nature, and persecuted by Love.

My

My dear *Cherseg*, interrupted the Prince, leave me no longer in Suspence; satisfy the Curiosity which thy Discourse has kindled; and be assured that if ever I am Master of this Empire, there are few Things which I will not undertake to restore Peace to thy Mind.

I am too much your Debtor, my Lord, answered the Great Gardener, shedding some Tears; but your Power, how great soever it may be, cannot make me truly happy: The Riches and Honours which you may heap upon me to a Profusion, have but an outward Lustre, which cannot satisfy those Hearts, that are susceptible of a Passion more ardent even than Ambition. Nevertheless I will still satisfy you, and since you desire the melancholy Relation of my Misfortunes, I am ready to execute your Orders.

At these Words the Prince having pray'd *Cherseg Ogli* to begin his Narration, which nothing could interrupt, since the Stillness of the Night seem'd to favour such a Confidence, the Great Gardener began to this Effect.

The History of STEPHEN CHERSEG, *and* MARIANA.

SINCE I have engag'd, my Lord, to give you an exact Account of my Misfortunes, I ought to begin by informing you of my Birth. I was not born a *Mussulman*; Rage alone made me embrace a *Law* contrary to *Christianity*, wherein I was educated. I will even own that my Remorse equals my Crime; but such is the Frailty of human Nature, that we are sensible of our Faults, without daring to amend; a false Glory with-holds us, and we chuse rather to be really criminal, than to appear so to the Eyes of Mankind.

My Father's Name was *Cherseg*; he was King of that Part of *Illyria*, whose Capital is *Montevero*. He saw himself equally fear'd by his Neighbours, and belov'd by his Subjects. Nevertheless, for all his good Qualifications, he had very great Imperfections. He suffer'd himself to be easily prepossess'd, either in Favour of Good or Evil; he was obstinate in his Resolutions; and hasty in his Passions; nay his Temper tended a little to Cruelty; but

but he conceal'd his Frailties with ſo much Prudence, that unleſs one took particular Notice, it was hard to know him; the more becauſe in all his Actions he affected a Greatneſs of Soul, that dazzled the moſt ſharp ſighted.

He had been engaged in ſeveral Wars againſt the *Ottoman* Forces, wherein he came off with Glory; and although he paid a Tribute to the *Porte*, 'twas not ſo much as a vanquiſh'd Monarch, as 'twas as a merciful Prince, who was willing to ſpare the Blood of his Subjects.

I was the only Heir to his Crown, and dare affirm that I was brought up with a Care anſwerable to my Birth; my Father lov'd me with an inconceivable Affection, and I return'd it with ſo much Ardour and Reſpect, that 'twould have been difficult to determine, which of the two ſurpaſs'd in mutual Love.

I had had the Misfortune to cauſe my Mother's Death in coming into the World; and *Cherſeg*, although in the Flower of his Age, would not marry again, that he might not give me the Vexation to ſee a Mother-in-law diſpute his Love with me.

I will not entertain you, my Lord, with the Beginning of my Life, it had nothing that can affect you; wherefore I shall only stop at those cruel Events that have caused all my Misfortunes.

I was scarcely seventeen Years old, when *Melphe*, *Despot* of *Servia*, rais'd a considerable Body of Troops, wherewith he enter'd the King, my Father's Territories, upon a very frivolous Pretence. He immediately committed there such outragious Acts of Hostility, that the Terror of his Arms soon subdued part of our best Frontier Places. This News being brought to *Montevero*, caused a general Consternation; but *Cherseg* soon recovered, and made all the Diligence and Capacity imaginable, succeed to his Surprize. As he was as great a Captain in War, as he was mild and popular in Peace, he was not long before he gather'd his best Troops together, with which he took the Field.

Hereupon I obtain'd leave of my Father, to make my first Campaign under him; and dare say that I distinguish'd myself advantageously enough to increase *Cherseg*'s Affection, and redouble the good Opinion which his Subjects had receiv'd of

of me. We soon drove the King of *Servia* from our Frontiers, and retook almost all the Cities, whereof Violence had made him Master; after which *Cherseg*, being willing to restore Peace to his Dominions, sent an Ambassador to the King of *Servia*, to mediate a Peace. As one Article, he demanded the Princess of *Servia* in Marriage for me; but *Melphe*, who is of an imperious Temper, rejected this Proposal with Haughtiness. He was enraged at having been so easily driven back again, and thought that his Honour was concern'd to re-conquer what he had lost, without reflecting upon the Injustice of his Desires.

Besides, the *Despot* had with him a Prince of his own Blood, named *Teropha-nes*, who was desperately in Love with the Princess of *Servia*, and who, by his complaisant, insinuating Temper, had made himself so much Master of the King's Will, that he perswaded him at pleasure to the most difficult, and even the most unjust Things. This base Favourite then, art fully prevented the Effect, which *Cherseg*'s Proposals ought reasonably to have produced. My Father was exasperated at *Melphe*'s repeated Refusals, and they prepared for War on both Sides, as soon as

as the Weather would permit the Troops to retake the Field. This ſecond Effort was not more ſucceſsful to the *Deſpot* of *Servia* than the firſt; he was overcome in a pitch'd Battle, and our Victory was ſo compleat, that *Melphe* himſelf was in Danger of falling into our Hands.

It was on this Occaſion that *Cherſeg*'s generous Temper appeared to the greateſt Advantage: He ſaw himſelf Conqueror, and in a Conditon to enter triumphant into his Enemy's Territories, and not only to return him the Evil he had deſigned him, but even to penetrate to the Metropolis of his Kingdom: Nevertheleſs, ſtopping ſhort in the middle of his Victory, he ſent to the *Deſpot* of *Servia*, and told him, that altho' he had a Right to preſcribe him Laws, he would ſtill only require Peace, and the Princeſs of *Servia*, and that on his agreeing to this Propoſal, which could not reaſonably be thought grievous, he was ready to reſtore to him whatever he had conquered of his, and to unite their Families by an indiſſoluble Tie.

Any other, but the ambitious *Deſpot* of *Servia*, would have been charmed with ſuch honourable Conditions; but the extream

tream Haughtineſs of this Prince made him again refuſe ſuch an advantageous Offer. He anſwered then with Fury, that he would never grant the Princeſs his Daughter as an Hoſtage of Peace; that it would look, if he conſented to it, as if he delivered her to ſecure himſelf the Poſſeſſion of his own Dominions; that, as to the Peace which had been mentioned to him, he refuſed it; that he was made to offer, and not to accept it; and that, in ſhort, 'twas for him to make Laws, and for others to ſubmit to them.

The Prince *Terophanes* had ſo greatly exaſperated this proud Monarch, that he had forced him to this unworthy Step: He had his own particular Views in preventing this Alliance. He was willing to remove a formidable Rival; and as his Intereſt with *Melphe* was very great, there was nothing which he might not have expected from him. Accordingly 'twas the Death of this Prince that incited the *Deſpot* of *Servia* to the moſt terrible Extremities againſt me, as you will be inform'd in the Sequel: But to return to my Subject.

The

The *Despot* of *Servia*'s arrogant Answer, which was faithfully related to *Cherseg*, put him, and not without Reason, into a violent Passion: As for me, I will own ingenuously, that, altho' I was not very desirous of the Princess of *Servia*, having never seen her, I was extreamly moved at the Contempt which *Melphe* seemed to show of our Alliance: Accordingly I spoke of it to the King in such Terms as testified my Resentment, and advised him to press such a presumptuous Prince vigorously. *Cherseg* approved of my Sentiments, and we entered our Enemy's Dominions with an Impetuosity that became fatal to all that opposed our Passage. In vain did the *Despot* of *Servia*, and his Generals, endeavour to put a Stop to the Course of our Conquests; Victory declared for us, and we marched thro' several Provinces without receiving the least Hindrance.

I must own, that I had some share in the Victories we gained in *Servia*; my Example encouraged our Soldiers, who, in order to follow me, rushed headlong with Success into the Places of the greatest Danger; at last we beheld ourselves within Sight of the City of *Castoria*.

Melphe

Melphe had fortified this Place with extream Care; his beſt Troops had taken Refuge there, and he himſelf was likewiſe ſhut therein, with the Queen of *Servia*, and the Princeſs her Daughter.

Cherſeg, who was not ignorant that all the Forces of the Kingdom were gathered together there, would not form the Siege of this important Place, without trying once more to gain the Friendſhip of the ſavage *Melphe*. Wherefore having made me enter his Tent; Son, ſaid he to me, after that every Body was gone out, we ought not ſo much to inure ourſelves to Victory, as to loſe the Remembrance of the Croſſes whereof Life is full: Perhaps, even now, Fortune is ready to abandon us; a reaſonable Man ought not to rely ſo ſtrongly upon Proſperity, as not to think how to prevent Adverſity, which may follow cloſe at her Heels. What ſhould we do, Prince, if we ſhould happen to be overthown? We are in an Enemy's Country; we are to deal with a barbarous Prince, who would ſacrifice us to his Vengeance; we ſhould have no Retreat, and the happy Progreſs of our Arms to this Day would be ſo many Spurs to the Vanquiſhed to precipitate our Ruin. The City which we are about

to

CHERSEG *King* of *Illyria*, to MELPHE *Despot* of *Servia*.

THE unjust War which you declared against me, and your insulting Refusals, have urg'd my Resentment so far as to invest you in the Capital of your Dominions; but, my Lord, I pretend to make no other Advantage of my Victories than to oblige you to agree that I did not deserve your Injustice. I still offer you Peace; grant the Princess of Servia *to my Son's earnest Desires; she shall serve as a Tie to the tender Friendship which shall unite our two Houses. Remember, my Lord, that I ask as a Friend, what another might exact as a Conqueror: your Decision will make me push on my Conquests or put a Stop to them: I leave you Master of Peace or War.*

CHERSEG.

The Herald at Arms whom the King of *Illyria* had sent with this Letter, return'd soon after, with this Answer.

MELPHE.

MELPHE, *Despot* of *Servia*, to CHERSEG King of *Illyria*.

I See plainly, My Lord, that I must yield to you; not only your Arms gain you Victories, but your Genorosity likewise makes you triumph over Hearts. I consent to the Peace you offer me; the Princess my Daughter shall tie the Knots of the eternal Friendship, that is going to be between us; if you will be to Morrow within half a League of the City, attended only by two hundred Men, I will meet you there with the like Number, and will bind myself, by the most inviolable Oaths, to comply with your Pleasure, and promise you an Affection that shall only end with the Life of

MELPHE.

This Letter was read publickly, and overjoy'd the King my Father: He gave orders immediately for putting a Stop to the Works that were already begun before the City. The Deputies of the *Despot* of *Servia* arriv'd soon after, and confirm'd to *Cherseg* their Master's Promises. They told him then the Place where the Conference was to be held; in short, they seem'd so sincere, that the King was deceiv'd

ceiv'd by them. He loaded them with Presents and Honours, and sent them back to *Castoria*; nevertheless a secret Foreboding made me fear some Fraud. *Melphe*'s Letter seem'd to me too submissive to be natural; besides, I knew the *Despot* for a dissembling, deceitful, and revengeful Man; I knew that, to satisfy his Hatred and his Vengeance, there were no Cruelties to which his Heart would not lead him. Neither was I ignorant of the Love of *Terophanes* for the Princess of *Servia*, and the prodigious Ascendant that Prince had over the Mind of *Melphe*; therefore I had Reason to apprehend that, to prevent the Peace, he would have Recourse to the most terrible Artifices and Indignities. I could not help communicating these my Fears to *Cherseg*; but he reprimanded me sharply for a Suspicion, which was an Offence, as he said, to the Honour of Crown'd Heads.

However, he did not fail to take all the Precautions which he judg'd necessary, to prevent Surprizes. It was scarce Day, when he sent to take a View of the Place where the Peace was to be concluded, and caused Barriers to be set up there: In short, having been faithfully inform'd that there was no Appearance of Treachery,

chery, he ſet out for the Rendezvous, with the Number of Troops that had been agreed on. It was not without Reaſon that I dreaded to ſee him depart; the perfidious *Melphe* had made ſome Troops file off, by a ſubterraneous Paſſage, known only to thoſe in the City, which ruſhing out of their Ambuſcade, fell ſuddenly upon the unfortunate *Cherſeg*, and conducted him, by the Order of their unworthy Chief, to a dark Dungeon.

I know not how I had the Strength to be able to bear up againſt this News; Rage and Deſpair poſſeſs'd themſelves of my Soul; and had it not been for the Thoughts of taking a juſt Revenge, I ſhould have ſunk under my exceſſive Grief. I aſſembled then the principal Officers of my Army; who all ſwore to ſacrifice their Lives to revenge their Sovereign, and chaſtiſe a perfidious Monſter. Next Morning a Herald at Arms from the *Deſpot* of *Servia*, demanded to ſpeak with me, and preſented me a Letter from his unworthy Maſter, which contain'd only theſe few Words.

To the Prince of *Illyria.*

I *Give thee Notice that thy Father is in my Chains; if thou wouldst obtain his Liberty, and his Life, return into thy own Dominions, and be not obstinately bent upon a Design, which shall cost* Cherseg *his Head, if push'd any farther.*

MELPHE.

Never was Fury equal to mine at the reading these Lines; I was within an Ace of making the Herald feel the Effects of the Rage that fill'd my Soul: Nevertheless, recollecting all my Reason, I satisfy'd myself with sending him back with this Answer.

To the unworthy *Despot* of *Servia.*

THY *Baseness strikes me with Horror; I hope that both Heaven and Earth will take up Arms to punish Treachery, and protect Innocence. Think not however to intimidate me; I will come and drag thee from thy Throne; and I swear to thee by the living God, that thy Life shall answer for that of my Father.*

CHERSEG, Prince of *Illyria.*

Having

Having ſent back the Herald with this Note, I drew up the Army in Order of Battle; and taking Counſel of our moſt experienced Captains, advanc'd in good Order towards the City, which I inveſted on all Sides. We open'd the Trenches next Morning, and carry'd on the Siege with ſo much Vigour, that we made our Approaches, in a few Days, very near to the City Ditch.

Melphe made frequent Sallies to drive away our Pioneers, but our Officers and Soldiers were ſo much exaſperated againſt him, that he was always repuls'd with conſiderable Loſs. Hereupon Prince *Terophanes*, whoſe Arrogance was exceſſive; and who, notwithſtanding his Vices, was endu'd with Abundance of Courage; perceiving that, ſooner or later, I ſhould be Maſter of the City; manag'd Matters ſo well with the *Deſpot* of *Servia*, that he obtain'd leave to ſend me a Challenge, to meet him in ſingle Combat.

His Deſign was, by this Duel, not only to rid *Melphe* of a dangerous Enemy, but himſelf alſo of a formidable Rival. I received his Challenge then with Pleaſure; and the Prince coming out of the

City, we began a dangerous Combat, wherein, at laſt, all the Advantage proved on my Side. *Terophanes* fell at my Feet, wounded in ſeveral Places, whereof he expired upon the Spot.

Melphe was ſo ſenſibly afflicted at the Loſs of this Prince, that he ſwore ſolemnly to take a remarkable Revenge for it. All his Hatred againſt *Cherſeg* was now turn'd againſt me, and precipitated me at laſt into the moſt dreadful of all Calamities. In the mean while, my Lord, I continued to preſs on the Siege of *Caſtoria* with the ſame Vigour, and ſoon found myſelf in a Condition to order it to be ſtorm'd.

The Beſieg'd defended themſelves with extreme Valour, like Men that fought to ſecure their Wives and Children; but I muſt own that we alſo performed very brave Actions, which terrify'd our Enemies. My Father's Intereſt made me expoſe myſelf in Places of the greateſt Danger; but, in ſpite of our utmoſt Efforts, the Ramparts were ſo well fortify'd, and ſo well defended, that we were ſeveral Times beaten back, with the Loſs of our beſt Men. But

what

what is it, over which Valour and Justice will not triumph?

One of the Soldiers of the Garrison, upon some Discontent which he had received from his Officers, found the means to escape from the City, and came to take Refuge in our Camp. He demanded to be introduced to me, which being granted; he informed me, that the *Despot* of *Servia* had caused my Father to be removed into the Citadel, where he was guarded with the greatest Care; and that *Melphe* had vow'd that he would either make sure of Peace, or put him to Death before my Eyes, in Case he should be forced to it by the taking of his Capital. Nevertheless, continued the Soldier, if you will promise me a good Settlement in your Dominions, I will put you in a Way to prevent the *Despot* of *Servia*'s Cruelty. I know a Place whereby the City may be attack'd; no body guards it, because they believe it unpassable: wherefore, in one Night, you may file off a sufficient Number of Men, to make you Master of the City, of the *Despot* of *Servia*, and of all his Family.

You may well judge, my Lord, that, upon this Proposal I promised the Sol-

dier a Reward ſuitable to the Service he was to do me: Nevertheleſs, that I might do nothing whereof I ſhould have reaſon to repent, I ſent to take a View of the Place to which he had directed me. They brought me back Word, that indeed they had found in the Ditch a ſubterraneous Paſſage, which, in all probability, muſt lead into the Town; but that the Way was ſo narrow, that hardly one Man could go a-breaſt.

Hereupon, I immediately called a Council of War in my Tent, to decide whether I ought to rely upon Intelligence that might come from the Enemy themſelves. The Opinions were divided; and moſt of them were not for my undertaking ſuch a hazardous Enterprize; but my ardent Deſire to deliver the King my Father from the Danger that threatned him, made me reſolve upon venturing all to effect it.

I commanded then a Number of choſen Troops to follow me in this Expedition, and cauſed a Scaffold to be erected in the Middle of the Camp, upon which I placed the Soldier well bound, with Orders to put him to Death, with the moſt unheard of Torments, in Caſe he

he had betray'd us. This done, I carefully examined his Countenance, and obſerv'd with Pleaſure, that his Boldneſs ſeem'd to warrant me of his Sincerity.

In Effect, my Lord, as ſoon as the Night was far advanc'd, I went down into the Ditch, and march'd firſt into the ſubterraneous Paſſage that I had ſent to view. The Way was ſo long and ſo rugged, that I deſpair'd more than once of being able to reach the City; beſides, we obſerv'd ſuch a profound Silence, by my Order, that it redoubled the Horror of this diſmal Place. But at laſt we came to the End of our peaceable March; and entered the City by a Place ſo ſteep, and ſo full of Rubbiſh, that the Soldier was not at all in the wrong, to aſſure me that no Guard was kept there.

As ſoon as we were arrived there, I order'd the appointed Signal to be made, which might be eaſily obſerv'd in the Army; after which we advanc'd, Sword in Hand, into the Streets, and overthrew all that oppoſed our Paſſage. The *Corps-de-Guard*, and the Centinels gave the Alarm on all Sides; and the Beſieg'd gather'd together from all Parts to defend themſelves; but in a little Time,

the general Assault which the Officers of my Army gave, and the Fire that was set to the Town, caused a terrible Consternation; and the Cries, Tumult, and Horror, spread to such a Degree, that 'tis impossible to imagine any Thing more dreadful.

As for me, resolving not to lose such precious Time, I ran to the Palace of the *Despot* of *Servia*, to try to surprize him; but, by ill Luck, he ran out at the first Noise he heard, to put himself at the Head of some Troops he had drawn together, and observing with Rage, that it would be in vain to try to defend the City, had taken Refuge in the Citadel. I found therefore, in his Palace, only the Queen of *Servia*, who was dangerously ill, and the incomparable *Mariana* her Daughter.

I must own, to my Confusion, my Lord, that, notwithstanding my just Anger, my Arms fell out of my Hand, at the Sight of that beauteous Princess; I forgot my Rage, and felt myself wounded with a fatal Dart, which will never be torn from my Soul, but with the Loss of my Life. Her Disorder proved an Addition to her natural Beauty; she was but half.

half dreſs'd, and this Negligence gave me an Opportunity of diſcovering Charms, which pierced me with the moſt lively Paſſion.

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, and had obſerved the Reſpect that my Troops paid me, ſhe eaſily judg'd that I was the Prince of *Illyria*; and addreſſing herſelf to me, with a Majeſty capable of impoſing Reſpect in the midſt of Victory; you triumph, Prince, ſaid ſhe, but don't abuſe your Conqueſt; and reſpect two Princeſſes whom the Fortune of War has made fall into your Power; and if you have any Reaſons to complain of the King my Father, force him, by your Generoſity, to bluſh for having given you any juſt Cauſe.

Doubt not, charming Princeſs, ſaid I, interrupting her, but all here will obey you; I forget the Injuſtice of the *Deſpot* of *Servia*, in Behalf of his lovely Daughter; my Anger is appeas'd: Speak, divine Princeſs, continu'd I, what muſt I do to teſtify my perfect Submiſſion? Would you return to the *Deſpot* of *Servia*? Although Nature would murmur at ſuch a Sacrifice, I find that a ſecret Power ſubjects me to your Will: In ſhort, com-

mand absolutely in a Place where the Victory declares only for you.

Generous *Cherseg*, answered *Mariana*, I should be unworthy of the noble Sentiments you express, if mine were not answerable to them; it would, no doubt, be advantageous to me to return to the King my Father; but 'tis not just that you should lose the Fruits of your Victory: Our Captivity will with-hold the fatal Stroke which *Melphe* was preparing for the King of *Illyria*; the Fear of losing us will allay his Fury; and perhaps a happy Peace will be the Fruits of his Grief: In a Word, enjoy a Conquest which alone can restore you the unfortunate *Cherseg*. All that remains for me to ask of you is, that a noble Pity interesting you, in the Fate of the Queen my Mother, may move you to take Care of a Life, from which mine is inseparable.

I was very sensibly touch'd with such a generous Speech; wherefore I thank'd her with Transport; and protested eagerly, that her Orders should be the sovereign Law to which I would always pay a blind Obedience. After this, my Lord, I was obliged to leave *Mariana*, in

in order to re-eſtabliſh Tranquility in the City; but, alas! I would have given others that Reſt, which my own Heart could no more enjoy. The Image of the Princeſs follow'd me every where, and from that very Moment I became ſo paſſionately in Love, that the moſt expreſſive Terms would deſcribe but a ſmall Part of what I felt. Even Jealouſy began to inſinuate itſelf into my Soul; I was afraid that *Terophanes* had been belov'd, and trembled for fear that my Victory over him had gain'd me the Princeſs's Diſpleaſure: In ſhort, my Lord, a thouſand Thoughts, till then unknown to me, came to torment me by Turns.

However I did not fail beſieging the Citadel next Morning, but it was ſtrong, and ſo well provided with Ammunition, that I deſpair'd of it's being an eaſy Conqueſt. I am ſenſible that I ought not to own to you my Weakneſs in it's full Extent; but I cannot help confeſſing that the Length of the Siege which I was going to undertake, gave me a ſecret Joy. It procured me the Pleaſure of often ſeeing my adorable Princeſs; I took Advantage thereof as often as poſſible, and the Charms I found in her Wit, confirmed the tender Sentiments which her beaute-

ous Eyes had given Birth to in my Heart.

The Queen recovered her Health more and more every Day, and I perceiv'd, with an extreme Pleasure, that my Care and Respect, was not indifferent to the amiable *Mariana*. I had declared my Love; it had been heard without Anger, and the Princess own'd to me, blushing, that the Condition my Father had annexed to the Peace, was not indifferent to her. I had even had the Boldness to confess to her, my Fears concerning the Love of Prince *Terophanes*; but *Mariana* assured me, that her Heart had been insensible of my Rival's Love, and that nothing but the Motive of the Peace between her Father and mine, could touch her Heart.

You know the Nature of Love, and are not ignorant, my Lord, what Charms a tender Lover finds in such Confessions; I was sensibly affected with them, and my Transports alone express'd better the Violence of my Passion, than I could have done by the most chosen Words. In the mean while, *Mariana* seeing the Queen out of Danger, advised me to propose to the *Despot* of *Servia*, an Exchange

Exchange of the two Princesses, for the King of *Illyria*. I did it without Hesitation, although my Heart was averse to it; and the Princess thought herself obliged to me for my Submission, and did me the Favour to assure me, that Glory and Duty alone had prompted her to that Advice.

Melphe received my Proposal with his usual Haughtiness, and instead of any Answer, caused the Wretch that I had sent to be hang'd up at the Battlements of the Citadel, in View of the whole Army. I was so much enraged at this barbarous Procedure, that I should immediately have ordered a general Assault to be given, if the Consideration of my Princess had not restrained me; but I did not look upon the *Despot* of *Servia* so much as a perfidious Wretch, as I considered him as a Prince, to whom the incomparable *Mariana* ow'd her Life.

I did not fail going to her however, and acquainting her with this last Piece of Barbarity, with a Grief in my Eyes, which I strove in vain to conceal. The Queen was grieved to the very Soul thereat, and shew'd by her Complaints, how much this Action struck her with Hor-

sor; it indeed discovered but too plainly, how little *Melphe* was moved at her Captivity. As for *Mariana*, looking me stedfastly in the Face, with Design to dive to the bottom of my Thoughts: Well Prince, said she, what are you resolv'd to do, to be reveng'd of this Inhumanity? It is no longer in my Power to determine, charming *Mariana*, said I; 'tis in vain that Nature and Reason advise me, 'tis only of you that I will ask Counsel: What ought I to do against a Prince who at once violates the Laws of Humanity, and the Laws of War. Must I treat him as a cruel Enemy, or must I respect him as a Father of all that I adore?

Cherseg, answered the Princess, this Distinction pleases me; but it does not blind me: I pretend to have as much Equity, as you have Generosity; wherefore I should be far from opposing your just Revenge, did not I fear, and that with Reason, that the Effects thereof would revert upon yourself. But what ought you to expect from a Prince, who, after having sacrificed his Dominions, abandons likewise his own Family to the Discretion of a Conqueror, whom he has justly exasperated? Ought not you to apprehend that the

the Death of the King of *Illyria* would glut his Rage? Ah! Prince, purſued ſhe, dread urging to Extremities, a King capable of doing any Thing; and give him not any Cauſe of Anger, which driving him to be deſperate, will force you to hate me, and oblige me to fly you as my Father's Murtherer.

I am but too ſenſible, lovely Princeſs, interrupted I, of the Truth of your Words; but if, on one Hand, Love chains up my Courage, Nature and Glory, on the other, forbid a criminal Inaction. What will the World think to ſee me continue in perfect Tranquility, whilſt my Father is groaning under a cruel Captivity? Well then, ſaid the Queen of *Servia*, interrupting us on a ſudden, ſhe having been preſent at this Converſation; if the Prince of *Illyria* will truſt to my Honour, let him ſuffer me to return to the *Deſpot* my Spouſe; I have ſome Hopes to bend his inflexible Heart, if not, I ſhall be able to procure *Cherſeg* his Liberty, provided the Prince will give me his Parole to grant *Melphe* his Life, in caſe the End of the War ſhould prove fatal to him.

Ah!

Ah! Madam, reply'd I haſtily, are not my Honour and my Love ſufficient Sureties to aſſure you that the Life of the *Deſpot* of *Servia* is as dear to me as my own? Yes, Madam, his Days are ſacred to me; and I would prolong their Courſe at the Expence of mine. Depart, generous Princeſs, continued I, ſecure us from the Fury of your Huſband; ſave an unfortunate Prince; protect Innocence and Virtue; and enable my Love, to appear without Shame, before the Eyes of the whole Univerſe.

The Queen of *Servia*, being moved with my Diſcourſe, promiſed me her Aſſiſtance, with all the Readineſs I could have expected from her; and we agreed that ſhe ſhould go to the Citadel the very next Morning. The fair *Mariana* made ſome Difficulty of being ſeparated from the Queen; but her Order, and the Neceſſity of the Caſe, made her reſolve to ſtay as Hoſtage with a Prince who ador'd her. But whilſt we were forming this Deſign, my Lord, there happened a Revolution in the Citadel, which prevented it's taking Effect.

The

The Soldiers of the Garrison, being straiten'd by the Length of the Siege, incens'd at the Obstinacy of their Prince, and exasperated yet more at his Cruelty and Treachery, began to pass from Murmuring, to a direct Revolt. Their Officers, having in vain endeavoured to appease them, were at last obliged to inform *Melphe* thereof, who endeavour'd to quiet them by all manner of Means: But finding that his Prayers and his Menaces did but enrage them yet more; he perceiv'd that, being hopeless, he must resolve to yield to Necessity: Wherefore, coming to a Determination upon the Spot, he caused the King of *Illyria* to be brought into his Presence.

Prince, said he, 'tis Time that I should open my Eyes, as to my Injustice; every Thing declares against me; Heaven, the Protector of oppress'd Virtue, espouses your Interest, and declares loudly against my Designs, But, notwithstanding it's Protection, and that of all Mankind, I shall be able to sacrifice you, and to die myself afterwards, if your Generosity should not answer my Expectation. Consider then, *Cherseg*, continued he, whether you will bind yourself, by your Royal Oath, to restore

restore me my Dominions, and to conclude the Marriage between the Princess my Daughter, and your Son; at this Price I restore you your Liberty: But do not betray, by a false Promise, a Prince, who has but too often shewn you the Way to be treacherous; make me repent of my Crimes rather by forgetting them, than by imitating them; and shew all the World that Virtue not only triumphs over Iniquity itself, but also over those who rely upon it's unjust Principles.

Despot of *Servia*, answered *Chersesg*, think not that the Fear of Death can shake my Courage; accordingly it is not to that vain Terror that you are going to owe my Answer: I will not repeat here the just Reasons of Complaint which I may lawfully form against you; I would, if possible, make you forget them, and have the whole Earth bury their Memory in Oblivion: But, in short, since I cannot prevent your Wrongs, I will, at least, contribute to the repairing of them. Yes, Prince, continued he, I give my Royal Word to re-establish you in your Dominions, and to unite our Families for ever, by the Alliance which I have so often demanded of you. 'Tis enough, *Chersesg*, said *Melphe* interrupting him, I fear nothing

thing of a King uncapable of lying; and the extreme Confidence which I am going to put in you, will give you the first Proof of my Repentance.

After this the *Despot* of *Servia* embraced *Cherseg*, in Presence of all the Garrison; asking him Pardon for all the Wrongs he would have done him, and concluding with desiring of him earnestly his Alliance, and his Friendship; which the King of *Illyria* granted with the best Grace in the World. This done, my Lord, *Melphe* ordered the Gates of the Citadel to be thrown open, and placing my Father on his right Hand, came down into the City, follow'd by all his Soldiers, who shouted for Joy.

They were soon follow'd by the Acclamations and Blessings of all the People, and the Words *Peace* and *Liberty* made the Heavens resound. I was then in the Queen's Apartment, where we were concluding how to execute the Design abovemention'd, when the Noise, which spread in a Moment to the Palace, made me run out precipitately: But judge, my Lord, of my Surprize, and my Joy, when the first Object that struck my Eyes, was the King my Father.

No

No sooner did he see me, but advancing towards me with open Arms, my dear Son, said he, Heaven at last suffers us to meet again, and makes a perfect Tranquility succeed the Misfortunes it had sent us: It permits me to see you again, and to embrace you, and renew to you the Assurances of my tender Affection; but, *Cherseg*, continued he, let us forget what is past. The *Despot* of *Servia*, who caus'd all our Misfortunes, has made an Atonement for them; after having loaded me with Chains, he has now broken them; let us confirm to him, my Son, the Oath which Generosity has exacted from me; grant him your Friendship in Behalf of the Princess his Daughter, whom he consents to give you, and let the Union of our Hearts, for the future, make but one Kingdom of *Servia* and *Illyria*.

Scarcely did I give the King of *Illyria* Time to finish his Discourse; the Promise *Melphe* had given him, rendered him sufficiently dear to me, not to make it necessary to excite me to be his Friend; accordingly I embrac'd him with Ardor, and gave him a thousand Assurances of an inviolable Affection; which he returned with a very good Grace; although, at

at the Bottom of his Soul, he was then hatching against me, all that the most implacable Rage could inspire: after which we hasten'd to the Apartment of the Princesses.

I shall say nothing to you here, my Lord, of their Raptures; they are more easy to be imagin'd than described; *Melphe* presented me to the beauteous *Mariana*, and order'd her to look upon me as the Person he design'd her for her Husband: The Princess receiv'd this Command with Submission, and assured me, by an inchanting Look, that she should execute it with Pleasure. In short, my Lord, all seem'd quiet; Peace was proclaim'd with the usual Ceremonies; and the *Despot* of *Servia*, who pretended as if he repented of the Enormities to which his Fury had transported him, seem'd very eager to make Reparation for them.

He proposed therefore to the King of *Illyria*, not to defer the Marriage on which they had agreed; but *Cherseg* answered, that it ought to be celebrated at *Montevero*, the Capital of his Kingdom; that if they should hasten the Conclusion of the Nuptials, People might imagine that

that they were precipitated in Compliance with the Will of a haughty Conqueror, and not celebrated at the Desire of a Friend and Ally; that such considerable Matches ought to be solemniz'd with Splendour; and that, in short, it concern'd the Dignity of a King, that the World should judge he granted his Daughter as an independent Monarch, and not as a subdu'd and vanquish'd Prince.

These Reasons, which flatter'd but too much the *Despot* of *Servia*'s imperious Temper, and his Hatred, were soon approved of; he even thank'd *Cherseg* for a Thought which seem'd to tend only to his Glory: As for me, my Lord, no sooner did I hear of the Resolution of the two Monarchs, than I was inconsolable. I complain'd thereof to the Princess, in such tender Terms, that she could not help being moved therewith: My Respect, and my Love, being authoriz'd by *Melphe*'s Order, had at last disposed her Heart to make a suitable Return, to the Sentiments of mine; accordingly she had the Goodness to assure me, that my Grief was not indifferent to her; this Assurance redoubled my Affliction; and I went that very Evening to the King of *Illyria*,

to

to complain of a Delay that was ſo contrary to my Happineſs.

Cherſeg ſeem'd perplex'd at my Reproaches; and looking upon me ſtedfaſtly, after ſome Moment s Silence, Prince, ſaid he, I could not have ſuſpected that your Love to *Mariana* was ſo violent, to make you diſapprove of a Delay wherein the *Deſpot* of *Servia*'s Glory is concerned. I had no Reaſon to imagine that you would have engag'd your Heart, without conſulting my Pleaſure. Ah, my Lord, interrupted I haſtily, perfect Love hearkens to no other Dictates, than thoſe which it inſpires it's ſelf. Beſides, you know that it was yourſelf, who propoſed the Alliance of the *Deſpot* of *Servia*; it was only to ſupport your Propoſal, that you have continued the War; you are ſenſible that before that Time, having little Regard for the fair *Mariana*, I ſpared no Pains to perſwade to renounce a Propoſal which was return'd only with Contempt; and now, when every Thing ſeems to concur to my Happineſs, you alone, my Lord, endeavour to oppoſe an Union which yourſelf firſt deſired.

Think not, my Son, interrupted *Cherſeg*, bluſhing, that I am averſe to the Marriage

Marriage of the Princeſs of *Servia*; but important Reaſons, which I cannot yet communicate to you, oblige me to defer it's Celebration. Beſides, purſued he, are you certain that *Mariana*'s Heart ſympathizes with you in your Impatience? Has ſhe given you ſuch convincing Proofs of her Affection, as to give you Reaſon to flatter yourſelf with the Belief that ſhe is affected with this Delay. My Lord, anſwered I, I ought to conceal my Happineſs from all the World; but as I have long been ſenſible of your Goodneſs to me, I ſhould think myſelf guilty of a Crime, in hiding from you, that the lovely Princeſs of *Servia* vouchſafes to ſhare both in my Impatience and my Love.

'Tis enough, interrupted the King of *Illyria* haſtily, I will hear no more; our Return to *Montevero* ſhall reward ſo bright a Flame; but hope not that I will conſent to your Happineſs before that Time. At theſe Words, the King made me a Sign to go out of his Cloſet; I was infinitely ſurpriz'd at this ſtrange Procedure, whereof I could by no Means comprehend the Reaſon; I examined my Conduct very carefully, and could find nothing therein, which could reaſonably have drawn upon me

me so cruel a Disappointment; *Chersig* had always loved me so tenderly, that I had no Room to imagine he would have opposed my Happiness. I pass'd the most cruel Night in the World: A thousand melancholy Thoughts tormented me by Turns, without being able to guess the real Cause of my Misfortunes. In short, my Lord, I went next Morning to display, before my Princess, the Despair wherewith I was tortured. She condescended to share in my Pains; and endeavoured with me to find out the Reasons that actuated the King of *Illyria*; but our Enquiry was to no Purpose; and to whatever Rack we put our Imaginations, it was impossible for us to dive into such an incomprehensible Mystery.

Nevertheless, as our Affairs were not desperate, and they had set a Term to our Happiness, which in all probability could not be very long, by the Care that was taken to hasten our Departure, the beauteous *Mariana* advised me not to shew any Resentment. Accordingly, my Lord, I constrain'd myself so perfectly well, that I did not let any Complaint escape me, although my Heart was pierced with Grief; the *Despot* of *Servia* made me several Excuses, and laid upon *Chersig* the refin'd

refin'd Policy which actuated him upon this Occasion. He promised me so positively (although with an Air of Constraint) that my Marriage should be concluded as soon as we arrived at the Capital of *Illyria*, that this Assurance restored Tranquility, in some measure, to my Soul. But, alas! how far was I from the Happiness that was once design'd me! Cruel Fortune was preparing to overwhelm me with her most fatal Strokes; which were so much the more rigorous, as I had no Reason to apprehend the mortal Wound wherewith she was about to pierce my Heart.

I liv'd then, my Lord, in a seeming Security; I saw the fair *Mariana* as often as I could reasonably desire; that is to say, I hardly ever left her: Her Mouth, and her Eyes, in Concert with her Heart, vouchsafed to sympathize with the Ardor of mine. All Things were preparing for our Journey: Our Fathers seem'd to live in an Intelligence which ought to have been answerable to us for their Sincerity; nevertheless, I perceiv'd, with Astonishment, that *Cherseg* no longer had any Affection for me, but what was constrain'd; he was no longer the tender Father, who had formerly been used to prevent

prevent my Wiſhes in every Thing which he imagin'd would pleaſe me: His Careſſes were cold; his Embraces ſeem'd forc'd; even his Converſation had no longer that amiable Openneſs wherein the Pleaſure of Society conſiſts. I was ſo ſenſibly affected with this Abatement of his Affection, that I reſolv'd, in order to know the Reaſon, to aſk it of the King himſelf. *Mariana* approv'd of my Deſign; whereupon, ſome Days before our Departure, I went to *Cherſeg*'s Cloſet. The Liberty I had always had before, to go in without giving any Notice, made me believe I might ſtill do ſo; but, good Heaven! what Reaſon had I to repent of my Imprudence! I found the King of *Illyria* aſleep near a Table, with a Picture enrich'd with Diamonds, lying by him.

I remain'd ſome Time uncertain what I ſhould do; Reſpect and Fear prompted me to withdraw; but a ſecret Impulſe, which I could not maſter, forc'd me to dive into a Myſtery, whereof, for my Peace, I ought to have remained eternally ignorant. In Effect, my Lord, what became of me, when a fatal Curioſity had diſcover'd to me, that 'twas *Mariana*'s Picture which was lying by the King? I cannot imagine how I had Reſolution e-

nough to keep in a Cry, which my Surprize was very near forcing from me: But, in ſhort, as I was not in a Place where I could give myſelf up to my Reflexions, I haſten'd away from this fatal Cloſet, ſo overcome with Grief, that it was with great Difficulty I bore up under it.

I went down then into the Palace-Gardens, without knowing which way I was going to ſteer my Courſe; and I wandered up and down at a Venture; the Confuſion of my Thoughts, prevented my fixing upon any Reſolution; a Jumble of Misfortunes crowded into my Imagination; and although they all tended to the Loſs of *Mariana*, it was by ſuch Means, ſuch ſhocking Ideas, that I ſhudder'd with Fear and Horror. For, in ſhort, I no longer doubted of *Cherſeg*'s Love to *Mariana*; that King's Coldneſs, and the Princeſs's Picture, left me no Room to queſtion my Misfortune; nevertheleſs, my Lord, being willing to ſet ſome Bounds to my Thoughts, I conſulted within myſelf whether I ought to acquaint *Mariana* with the fatal Myſtery which I had juſt diſcover'd; Jealouſy, which inſinuated itſelf into my Soul, expreſsly forbid it. What! cry'd I out, quite

quite beſide myſelf, ſhall I ſerve as an Interpreter to my Rival! Whilſt he is afraid of declaring himſelf, ſhall I indiſcreetly aſſiſt his Love, by revealing it to the Object that inſpires it! No, no, purſued I, let me for ever ſtifle, within my Heart, ſuch dangerous Secrets: My Princeſs will hear but too ſoon, the barbarous Sentence of my Death.

As I utter'd theſe laſt Words, I felt myſelf pull'd by the Arm; and turning haſtily ſaw *Mariana*, who having perceiv'd me going down into the Gardens, came to know what had been the Succeſs of my Converſation, with the King of *Illyria*. I was ſo ſurpriz'd at her accoſting me, that I could not help changing Colour, and turning red and pale ſucceſſively. I trembled for fear ſhe had heard what Deſpair had juſt made me ſay. Hereupon the Princeſs, who obſerv'd my Trouble, ſtopt ſhort, and looking upon me ſtedfaſtly; What do I ſee, *Cherſeg*, ſaid ſhe, whence ariſes the Diſorder which I diſcover in you? What can have cauſed this Perturbation in your Mind? In ſhort, what ought I to think of the Deſpair which I ſee painted in your Countenance. Speak, purſued ſhe, I command you by the Power Love

gives me over your Heart; what new Misfortune is it that I am to apprehend? Have our Fathers broken the Treaty of Alliance wherein they were engag'd to each other? Do they disapprove of our Marriage? Tell me, I say once more; 'tis leaving me too long in a Doubt which kills me.

Ah! Princess, cry'd I, interrupting her, and shedding some Tears, which I could not restrain; What is it you ask me? Leave the fatal Secret in my Breast, and seek not to dive into all the Horror of my Destiny. Content yourself with knowing that the Prince of *Illyria* adores you, and that if he is obliged to renounce the Hopes of possessing you, his Death will prove to you how great was the Excess of his Love. Having thus said, I walk'd away precipitately from the lovely *Mariana*; I knew her Power, and my own Weakness; and I rightly judg'd that it was only by Flight I could conceal from her a Mystery, which it was of the utmost Importance to me to keep safe lock'd from her.

Judge, my Lord, how great the Astonishment of the Princess must be; this odd Behaviour ought doubtless to have inform'd

inform'd her as much as my Tongue could possibly have done: However it was, I withdrew to my Apartment so much disturb'd, that I should have excited Pity, even in my Rival. I form'd divers Resolutions, which overthrew one another; at last I came to this Determination which Prudence seem'd to inspire; I resolv'd to conceal my Misfortune. No Body had seen me go into King of *Illyria*'s Closet; or, at least, this Visit seem'd of no Consequence; wherefore I could easily make as if I was ignorant of my own Fate, and his Passion: Accordingly, being willing to conform myself exactly to my Scheme, I went next Morning to wait upon *Cherseg*.

He receiv'd me with the same Coldness which had so much alarm'd me, of the Cause whereof I could have wish'd to have been still ignorant, at the Expence of all the Blood in my Veins. He only told me that our Journey to *Montevero* was fix'd upon in three Days: This Assurance, which had overjoy'd me some Days before, now struck me with a mortal Sorrow; a secret Foreboding seem'd to warn me of the Fate that attended me there; I pretended however to be pleas'd therewith, and quitted him without giving

ving him any Suſpicion of the Anguiſh that prey'd upon my Soul. From thence I went to the Apartment of *Mariana*; I had had Time to regulate my Anſwer, and intended to have aſſured her, that the Diſorder wherein ſhe had ſeen me the Day before, proceeded only from *Cherſeg*'s having ſhown himſelf ſo averſe to the Concluſion of our Marriage.

But the Condition wherein I found her, quite overthrew my Reſolution; ſhe was lying negligently upon a Couch, with her Eyes bath'd in Tears, and holding in her Hands a Paper, which ſeem'd to be the Cauſe of her Deſpair. In Effect, my Lord, it was ſo; I advanc'd trembling towards the Princeſs, and falling on my Knees near her Couch; beauteous *Mariana*, ſaid I, may not I preſume to enquire, in my Turn, what is the Occaſion of your Grief? Cannot I aſſwage it? And cannot the precious Tears which I ſee you ſhed, be dry'd up by a Lover who adores you?

Ah! Prince, interrupted *Mariana*, mournfully, give yourſelf no longer a Title which will ſoon be fatal to you; ſtifle your Love, or, at leaſt, conceal it for ever from the Eyes of a formidable

Rival.

Rival. Was this then, cry'd ſhe, the dreadful Secret which you endeavour'd to hide from me? The King of *Illyria* adores me; I have every Thing to apprehend from his Love and Fury. Juſt Heavens! muſt our barbarous Deſtiny be always croſs'd by the Authors of our Birth! And muſt our Duty and Nature hinder us from murmuring at their Tyranny!

Is it certain then, Madam, interrupted I, that the King of *Illyria*'s Paſſion has already broke through all Reſtraints? The cruel Prince will tear your Heart from me; he has diſcover'd his Sentiments to you; and 'tis that fatal Letter which is the Interpreter of my Misfortune. Alas! I was but too well aſſured of his Love. I acquainted *Mariana* then with what had happen'd to me in the King's Cloſet; but as I had not yet ſeen his Letter, the Princeſs gave it into my Hands, and I read as follows.

To the beauteous MARIANA.

I Can no longer keep Silence, divine Princess, my Love can no longer support the Curb that restrains it; 'tis Time my Passion should blaze out, and appear before you: It is too ardent to be confin'd. I know that this rash Confession of my Love will soon make you hate a Prince that adores you; and your Affection for the Son, will redouble your Disdain for the unfortunate Father. But, beauteous Mariana, *pity rather than insult me; it has not been without the most violent Struggles that my Heart has yielded you the Victory; your triumphant Charms have brought both Reason and Nature under Subjection to them. Would to God that the same Charms, which, at their Will, can make my Happiness or Misfortunes, may always leave me the Power of preserving my Innocence and my Virtue! But, alas! how do I fear I shall not be able to master my Transports: I am sensible that the Name of Rival will soon make me forget that of Father; perhaps that my Love will even triumph over the tender Affection that Nature used to inspire: Think upon this charming* Mariana, *and spare me the Horror of an Oblivion so contrary to my Glory: How do I know to what Excess*

my

my Heart may transport me, if the unfortunate King of Illyria *cannot have the Happiness to please the adorable* Mariana: *In that Case I should be capable of doing any Thing, and the Blood of a too happy Rival, should revenge the slighted Love of the unfortunate*

CHERSEG.

I confess, my Lord, that I was extremely surpriz'd at a Letter so imperious and threatning; I could not have imagined that one ought to speak magisterially at the first Declaration.

What are we not to expect, my charming Princess, said I, returning her the Letter! The King of *Illyria*, whom I dare no longer call Father, begins to discover his Passion to you, like a formidable Tyrant: I lose you, divine *Mariana*, pursued I, pressing one of her Hands between mine, and I lose you without any Remedy, since 'tis with a Father that I must dispute you. Just Heavens! What can I do, continu'd I sighing! Must I renounce the only Hope that prolong'd my Life, or ought I to assert a Claim which Love makes so invaluable.

Let us not yet Despair, my dear Prince, interrupted *Mariana*; perhaps *Melphe* will not consent to the King of *Illyria*'s unjust Pretensions; but, let what will happen, I can answer for my own Sentiments; my Heart can never change; it is prepossess'd in your Favour, and will be so till Death; depend upon my Affection, whatsoever Violence is used to me; I can die, but I can never cease to love you.

Ah! my Lord, what Pleasure did I feel at this amiable Assurance of my Felicity; I endeavour'd to express it by the most lively Transports; I vow'd a thousand and a thousand Times to my Princess, an eternal Passion; alas! I keep but too punctually my fatal Oaths, whilst the ungrateful *Mariana* has violated her's for ever. In short, my Lord, not to stand upon Circumstances, which are affecting only to myself, I shall content myself with telling you, that we agreed that the Princess should not avoid speaking to the King of *Illyria*; that she should use all sorts of Means to recal Generosity and Reason, to his disorder'd Mind; and that, in short, if he persisted in his unjust Pretensions, she should assure him that

that he would incur her Hatred to the last Degree, if he did not entirely renounce his Love.

After this Resolution, I retired to my Apartment a little more composed; not that I hop'd that my Father would change his Mind, but that I was at least flatter'd with the Princess's tender Protestations: Indeed I had need of their Support to help me bear the Misfortunes that threatned me. In the mean while, I arm'd myself with Resolution, I conceal'd my Despair, and I stifl'd my Complaints, being justly apprehensive that the King of *Illyria* would believe that *Mariana* had intrusted me with the Secret of his Love. I affected therefore an Air of Tranquility which effectually deceived him; I am satisfy'd that the little Confidence he imagined the Princess had reposed in me on this Occasion, redoubled his Hopes. However it was, he express'd more Affection to me than usual; he told me that I must prepare myself to set out the next Day for *Montevero*, and that all was ready for our Departure. Accordingly, my Lord, all the Court did remove, and whatever Pains I took to speak to the Princess, I could never meet with an Opportunity: I could only read it in her

Eyes, that the King of *Illyria* had not as yet explain'd himself; it was but during this Journey that he was so bold as to do it openly.

We were all on Horseback, and serv'd as a Guard to the two Princesses, who were in one Chariot; but scarcely had we advanc'd two Days Journey from *Castoria*, but *Cherseg* feign'd such a violent Illness, that the Queen was oblig'd to offer him a Place by her. My Father did not suffer himself to be much intreated; he had too much Interest in accepting it: As for me, my Lord, I was seiz'd with such an excessive Grief, that it was with the greatest Difficulty imaginable, I could disguise my Sentiments; I easily perceiv'd that the Queen's Presence could not prevent a Declaration which was to make me miserable.

I judg'd but too rightly on this Occasion; *Cherseg* did not constrain himself, but spoke to her of his Passion, with all possible Vehemence. I could not indeed overhear him, but, advancing to the Chariot-Doors, I judg'd by his Actions, what his Love prompted him to say. How unhappy is a Lover to see his Rival with her he loves, without daring either

either to interrupt him, or to complain! Judge, if you pleaſe, of my Impatience, and my Anguiſh. In vain did I endeavour to recal my Reaſon, in Order to ſurmount a Diſorder which might eaſily be obſerved; an involuntary Motion drew me always towards the Chariot, as if I could, by my Preſence, have interrupted the Sequel of a Converſation which made me tremble.

I paſs'd this firſt Day's Journey then, fluctuating between Deſpair and Reaſon; I flatter'd myſelf, at leaſt, that next Day I ſhould not be expoſed to this barbarous Conſtraint; but *Cherſeg* continuing ſtill to pretend to be indiſpos'd, perſiſted in ſitting by *Mariana*, till his Arrival at *Montevero*.

During this whole Time it was impoſſible for me to ſpeak to the Princeſs; her Looks alone ſeem'd to aſſure me that ſhe was no leſs affected than myſelf with my juſt Sorrow: How eaſily do we flatter ourſelves when we love! I durſt have been poſitive that *Mariana* ſuffer'd as much by the Perſecution ſhe underwent from the King of *Illyria*, as ſhe did by the Agony wherein ſhe ſaw me; but, juſt Heavens! how far was I from imagining

gining the fatal Truth! My perfidious Princeſs ſuffer'd herſelf to be dazzled by the Splendor of a Crown, and has precipitated me, by her Inconſtancy, into the Abyſs of Misfortunes wherein you now ſee me.

Nevertheleſs, my Lord, not being able, nor even daring to ſuſpect her of ſuch an Infidelity, I underwent Tortures which can only be known by the Wretches who have felt them. I could not find one ſingle Moment to entertain *Mariana*; the King of *Illyria* hardly ever left her; and when ſome Affairs did call him from her, *Melphe* came and ſupply'd his Place; and by his cold and reſerv'd Behaviour, depriv'd me of any Opportunity of ſpeaking to he Princeſs his Daughter; which ſhew'd me plainly enough that *Cherſeg* had gain'd him over to his Intereſt, and that there was no longer any Hopes for the unfortunate Prince of *Illyria*.

In this Manner we arriv'd at *Montevero*; and the very ſame Night as I was going to Bed, I found in my Cloaths a ſeal'd Note, with the Writing whereof I was not acquainted, and whoſe Purport was to this Effect.

LETTER.

LETTER.

YOU need not doubt, my dear Prince, but I have been ſenſible of all your Trouble, and even have ſympathiz'd therein; your Apprehenſions were but too well grounded, ſince the King of Illyria *has indeed declared his Paſſion to me; but,* Cherſeg, *you know my Heart, nothing ſhall be able to triumph over the Conſtancy of*

MARIANA.

This Note reſtored me to Life; I kiſs'd a thouſand Times this precious Pledge of my Princeſs's Fidelity. Alas! never did Lover better deſerve to have had her Actions correſponded therewith, ſince nothing has been able to make me change my Sentiments; I have always adored *Mariana*, and, as falſe as ſhe is, I am ſenſible that my Love will accompany me to my Grave.

The next Morning after our Arrival, the King of *Illyria* ſent for me into his Cloſet; and after having ordered every Body out, look'd upon me ſome Time without

without ſpeaking a Word, as if to conſider what to ſay, after which he accoſted me almoſt in theſe Terms.

You know, Prince, ſaid he, that I have always lov'd you with an extreme Tenderneſs, I have even Reaſon to flatter myſelf that you have made a ſuitable Return, but, my Son, you muſt now give me a convincing Proof thereof, which is a thouſand Times more dear to me than the Life and Liberty you have reſtored to me. I adore the Princeſs of *Servia*; nothing can rend this Paſſion from my Heart; you muſt reſign her; to me *Cherſeg*, continued he, there is no Extremity to which I ſhould not be prompted, if your Obſtinacy ſhould equal my Love. Force me not then, by a raſh Reſiſtance, to make you know that the Name of Father is a vain Title, which cannot counterbalance the Horror which a Rival creates in a Heart. I expect this Sacrifice from you, purſued he, and hope to owe it leſs to the Fear which a Father, a Rival, and a Maſter, may inſpire, than to the Affection and Submiſſion which Nature ought to inſtil into your Breaſt.

As I had long expected this Speech, I was not ſo much ſurpriz'd as I muſt otherwiſe

wiſe have been; wherefore, looking upon the King with Reſpect, but at the ſame Time with Reſolution, my Lord, ſaid I, your Majeſty is Maſter of my Life, and may, at pleaſure, let out the Blood which flows in my Veins through your Means; but I ſhould be unworthy of the Honour I have to belong to you, and belie the tender Love I bear *Mariana*, if Menaces could terrify me. You may indeed, my Lord, exerciſe at your Will upon me the Power of a Father, the Authority of a Maſter, and the Animoſity of a Rival; the firſt of theſe Titles will prevent my murmuring againſt the Severity of the other two; but to my laſt Gaſp I will love the Princeſs, and nothing can make me yield up a Happineſs, which I cannot buy too dear with the Loſs of my Life. Determine then, my Lord, continued I, theſe are my Sentiments; do not ſpare a Criminal who glories in his Crime, and whom nothing can move, but the Infidelity of her he adores.

Having thus ſaid, with a great deal of Vehemence, I held my Tongue; whereupon the King, looking upon me with all the Marks of a moſt violent Rage; well then, ungrateful Son, anſwered he, thy Wiſhes ſhall ſoon be granted;

ed; I will quickly make thee feel all the Horror which Jealousy is capable of inspiring; thou shalt soon see me possess the Princess, and I delay thy Punishment only to make thee witness of my Happiness.

At these Words *Cherseg* call'd the Captain of his Guards, and commanded him to conduct me to the Castle of *Montevero*; *Barbarian*, cry'd I out, as I left him, think not to triumph over my Courage, nor to have my Eyes witnesses of thy Tyranny; my Death shall prevent both thy Cruelty and my Shame. Having thus said, I hasten'd, like one in Despair, out of his Closet, and follow'd the Captain of the Guards, who, by his Order, conducted me to an obscure Chamber, under a good strong Guard. I shall not stand, my Lord, to tell you what was my Condition at that dismal Moment; you may easily imagine that never Fury was equal to mine: I was three Days without hearing a Word of any Body; after which I saw the *Despot* of *Servia* enter my Room. Prince, said he, your Fate touches me sensibly; I must own that you have Reason to complain, but can you resist a superior Power? I could not bear up against it myself, and have consented, almost

moſt againſt my Will to the Marriage of the King of *Illyria* and *Mariana*.

O Heavens! cried I out precipitately, is it poſſible, my Lord, that you ſhould have violated your Promiſes? What, do you conſent to my Miſery, and that of the Princeſs your Daughter? Think not ſo, *Cherſeg*, anſwered *Melphe*, I ſhould never have granted *Mariana* to the King of *Illyria*, if ſhe had not reſign'd herſelf up to that Prince's Love, and the Splendor of a Throne. Stop, *Deſpot* of *Servia*, interrupted I haſtily; think not to perſwade me that the Princeſs has violated her Oaths; I know her too well to believe her Heart capable of a ſhameful Inconſtancy: I know not what are her real Sentiments, replied *Melphe* coldly; but Appearances are not very favourable to you; ſince in four Days, at fartheſt, ſhe is to give her Hand to the King your Father.

Beſides, continued he, ſhe has made no Secret of all that paſſed between you at *Caſtoria*; ſhe has informed us of your Surprize on finding *Cherſeg* a-ſleep in his Cloſet, with her Picture lying by him. We have been told, by *Mariana*, how great your Confuſion was on her aſking you, in the Palace Gardens, the Succeſs of

of your Conversation with the King of *Illyria*; neither are we ignorant of the tender Protestations she made to you in her own Apartment, the Evening before our Departure. In short, what shall I say more to you? She has acquainted us with the Note which she got slipt into your Pocket the Day that we arrived at *Montevero*, wherein she gave you Notice of *Cherseg*'s having declared his Love to her, and at the same Time vow'd an eternal Constancy to you.

During the Rapidity of this Speech, I felt a deadly Poison insinuate itself into my Veins, and from thence diffuse itself in an Instant all over my Heart. Just God! cried I out trembling, is it possible that the unjust *Mariana* should contribute likewise to the making my Life miserable! Is it by this fatal Recompense that she requites the tendereſt Love that ever entered the Heart of Man! 'Tis enough, my Lord, pursued I, turning to the *Despot* of *Servia*, I can hear no more; the only Hope that is left me is, that being used to the blackest of Treasons, you may likewise have been capable of inventing this shocking Tale. Having thus said, I would have walked away, but my Stength failing me on a sudden, I fell in

a Swoon

a Swoon at the Feet of the unworthy *Despot* of *Servia*, who, no Doubt, took Delight in the barbarous Pleasure, of having stabb'd a Dagger to my Heart.

Some Time I remained in this Condition, too happy in not feeling the Anguish which my Return to Life gave me. On my coming to myself, I found myself in my Bed, and my Guards very busy in endeavouring to relieve me; I even observed that one of them seemed more moved with my Distress than the rest; I was not mistaken, for having told them that I wanted Rest, this Guard drew near my Bed when his Comrades were at some Distance; my Lord, said he, I am so sensibly moved with your Misfortunes, that at the Hazzard of my Life, I will find some Means to convince you of my Zeal for your Service; command me, my Prince, continued he, and, let the Danger be what it will to which I expose myself, I will do any thing to give you Ease.

Friend, answered I, thy good Will shall not go unrewarded, and if Fate permits me ever to be again in a Condition to be serviceable to thee, thou may'st depend upon my Gratitude. It is not that mean Thought which binds me to you, replied

replied the Guard, 'tis Pity alone that incites me to ſerve you; but, my Prince, what can I do, and what Service muſt I render you? Well then, dear Friend, interrupted I, ſince thou wilt concern thyſelf for my Welfare, enquire in the City what is ſaid of *Cherſeg*'s Marriage, whether it is actually to be concluded, and whether the ungrateful *Mariana* can reſolve upon this Infidelity. Do one Thing more, continued I, bring me wherewith to write to my perjured Princeſs, and promiſe to deliver into her Hands what Love and Deſpair ſhall dictate.

The Guard promiſed all I deſired, and faithfully kept his Word; I ſaw him return that very Night with the Things which I had ordered him to procure me; but, alas! the News he brought me pierced me entirely to the Heart. He told me then, that the Preparations for the Marriage I ſo much dreaded were making with abundance of Splendor; that nothing elſe was talked of at *Montevero*, and that he had ſeen the Princeſs walking with the King of *Illyria*, magnificently dreſſed; that, nevertheleſs, he had obſerv'd in her Eyes a languiſhing Air, which ſeem'd to teſtify both her Grief and her Conſtraint.

This

This Obſervation renew'd my Hopes in ſome Meaſure; wherefore I thanked the Guard for his Care in taking Notice of whatever could pleaſe me, and, without any longer Delay, took Pen in Hand, and wrote to *Mariana* as follows.

The Prince of *Illyria* to the Adorable MARIANA.

WHAT have I juſt heard, my charming Princeſs? They ſay that every Thing is preparing for your Marriage with the King of Illyria, *and that your Heart is, at laſt, diſpoſed to forget me. I could never have ſupported this News without dying with Grief, had I not hoped that our Enemies made uſe of this Artifice to ſet us at Variance, and cauſe my Death. Diſpel my Fears, beauteous* Mariana; *who can have informed the* Deſpot *of* Servia *of divers particulars, which he has ſworn to me that he had only from you? Ought I to ſuſpect you of Perfidy? Muſt I believe you falſe? Ah! don't defer reſtoring me to Life, or haſtening my Death: I can bear up againſt every Thing; my Courage is Proof againſt the common Accidents of Life; but I am fully ſenſible that I ſhould ſink under your Inconſtancy. Once again I conjure*

conjure you, my adorable Princess, vouchsafe for Pity, to deliver me from a Doubt which kills me; if you leave me therein any Time longer, the cruel Anguish which preys upon me, will soon end the Days of the Unfortunate

Prince of *Illyria.*

Having finished this Letter, I gave it to my Guard, who promised me to deliver it punctually to the Princess. I waited the Event with an Impatience which is natural to Lovers, but was two Days without seeing him, and began to fear that he had been surprized in attempting to do me a good Office; but at last, about the middle of the third Night, I saw him enter my Apartment, by the Light of a Taper which I had left on purpose on this Account. He drew near my Bed with Precipitation; Here, Prince, said he, giving me a Letter, it was not without Difficulty that I could get to speak to *Mariana*; she even hesitated some Time before she answered me, but, at last, she gave me this Letter with her own Hands. Having thus said, the Soldier hastened away from me, and, locking my Chamber-Door, left me at Liberty

to

to read the Princeſs's Letter, which was to this Effect.

MARIANA to the Prince of *Illyria*.

WHAT is it you aſk of me, dear Prince, and what can I anſwer? Alas! it is but too true that I am falſe to you. But, how many Sighs and Tears does this pretended Infidelity coſt me? Think not that the Luſtre of a Crown could have ſeduced my Heart, I have always loved you, and fear that, notwithſtanding my Duty, I ſhan't help loving you all my Life; but, in ſhort, I muſt yield; it is only by the Gift of my Hand that I can ſecure your Life. I am going then to the Altar, like an unfortunate Victim, but nothing can counterbalance the Horror of ſeeing you fall under the Strokes of Jealouſy. Farewel then, dear Prince, think no more of me; Duty condemns us to Silence, and conſider that Mariana *neither can, nor ought, to retain any tender Sentiments for the Son of a Huſband, whom Reaſon and Gratitude will perhaps one Day make her love.*

MARIANA.

Altho' this Letter was tender, and had a flattering Appearance, as it was ſtill to loſe my Princeſs, I was ſo Thunder-ſtruck at the reading it, that I cannot expreſs to you, my Lord, the Condition wherein I then was. I lay motionleſs, with my Eyes fixed upon one and the ſame Object, without being able to take them off, or to diſcern what was before them: In a Word, I was like thoſe Statues which want only Speech to come up to Nature.

Above two Hours did I continue in this cruel Situation; Alas! if my Princeſs could have been Witneſs of my Anguiſh, ſhe would undoubtedly have been moved with the dreadful Torments ſhe cauſed; for, in ſhort, far from thinking myſelf obliged to her for ſacrificing herſelf to preſerve my Life, I accuſed her of Ingratitude and Perfidy; I did not in the leaſt doubt but the Royal Dignity had at laſt ſeduced her Heart; and I ſhould a thouſand times rather have choſen to have died and known her faithful, than to have lived and been a Witneſs of her Falſhood.

All theſe fatal Thoughts tortured my Heart by Turns; but, my Lord, why do

do I endeavour to give you an Idea of a State that is incomprehensible; I ought to pass over in Silence what I cannot represent, and only tell you that I passed the Night like a Madman. I compared this Letter with that which *Mariana* had written to me some Days before; the Hand seem'd the same, and I no longer doubted of my Misery. Next Day my Guard came to receive my Orders, and was astonished at the wild Look which he observed in my Eyes. What do I see, Prince, said he, am I so unhappy as to have contributed to the Trouble that is visible in your Countenance? Has the ungrateful *Mariana* employed me on an unwelcome Errand. 'Tis done, Friend, interrupted I, the barbarous Princess abandons me irrecoverably; and altho' she would fain cover her Inconstancy under false Pretences, all I now desire is to die in her Presence, that my Blood may reproach her with her Injustice: Consider then, pursued I, whether thou can'st do me this last Service; get me out of this fatal Place; I will give thee all that Remains of a pretty splendid Fortune, if thou wilt enable me to go and expire at the Feet of the faithless *Mariana*.

What you desire of me, answered the Guard, after having considered some Time, seems to me extreamly difficult; but, in short, if I should be so fortunate as to be able to effect it, what Advantage can you reap from thence? To morrow the perjured Princess is to be married to the King of *Illyria*; think you that you can prevent such a melancholy Ceremony? Ah! my Lord, rather avoid such a cruel Sight, and if you would obtain your Liberty, let it be to fly from such Ingratitude to the utmost End of the Earth.

No, no, dear Friend, said I interrupting him, I will neither fly, nor prolong my Life; I should, doubtless, have ended it before now, if the Hopes of letting out my Blood before the Princess's Face had not restrained me. Consider then on the Means to render me this important Service; if thou can'st not effect it, be assured that my Death shall soon follow thy Refusal, or thy want of Power. Well then, my Lord, answered the Guard at last, I am going to endeavour to satisfy you; having thus said, he left me, and I waited the Effects of his Promise with as much Impatience, as if my Welfare and Happiness had depended thereon. I felt a secret Pleasure in disturbing *Mariana*'s

Marriage,

Marriage, tho' by ſpilling the laſt Drop of my Blood; and even flattered myſelf, that this terrible Sight would prevent the Conclusion of theſe Nuptials.

I was buried in theſe Reflexions when my Guard returned, and aſſured me that he had at laſt found the Means to ſuborn one of his Comrades; and that next Day, during the Hurry which would be occaſioned by the Ceremony of the King's Marriage, he would favour my Eſcape from the Tower where I was confined. This Aſſurance gave me all the Pleaſure which I was capable of feeling; I thanked him eagerly, and after having given him ſome effectual Marks of my Gratitude, I diſmiſſed him, delighted with the Hopes of my Deſign's being fatally ſucceſsful.

In effect, my Lord, the next Evening, when Night began to appear, the Guard entered my Chamber, and having made me change Cloaths, let me down a Pair of back Stairs which brought me to the Foot of the Caſtle. The Soldier leaving me in this Place, I advanced trembling towards the Cathedral of *Montevero*, where I found a vaſt Concourſe of People, which aſſured me but too well of the certainty

of my Misfortune. As I was disguised, and took great Care not to be discovered, I advanced, tho' with great Difficulty, to the Foot of the Altar, without meeting with any one who knew me: There it was that I waited the coming of my perjured Princess.

With how many Reflexions was I then tortured! What melancholy Thoughts possess'd my Mind! What Clouds of Horrors seiz'd upon my Soul! The Idea of Death struck not my Imagination with any Thing so dreadful, as the Falshood whereof I suspected *Mariana* to be guilty.

In short, my Lord, not to prolong a Relation which would tire you, I saw the King of *Illyria*'s Guards enter the Church, and soon after that Prince himself appeared, accompanied with the *Despot* of *Servia*, and my faithless Princess. Art had contributed to the setting off her natural Beauty; her Cloaths, and her lovely Hair were embellished with Diamonds; but I took but little Notice of the Charms wherewith she dazzled every Eye: A deadly trembling seiz'd on every Joint; and I had all the Difficulty imaginable to get the better of my Surprize. Nevertheless Reason, or, to speak more properly,

Despair,

Despair, hindered me from discovering myself as yet; I waited 'till this fatal Ceremony was upon the Point of being concluded.

I saw *Cherseg* then approach the Altar, leading the unjust *Mariana* by the Hand; the Patriarch went up to them, and was just going to unite them by an indissoluble Tie, when, breaking thro' the Crowd, I made myself known, and drawing my Sword, stop *Barbarians*, cry'd I out; this august Ceremony cannot be solemnized without a Victim's being offered thereat; 'tis my Blood which must confirm the Happiness of these two Lovers. Receive it then, cruel Man! continued I, addressing myself to *Cherseg*, I sacrifice to thy Felicity a Life which would cease to be innocent if I should prolong it's Course: And thou, too inhuman Princess, added I, looking on *Mariana*, see how transcendent my Love was, by the fatal Extravagance to which it transports me: Having thus said, I plunged my Sword in my Breast, and fell, weltring in Blood, at the Feet of the faithless *Mariana*.

I will not pretend to tell you, my Lord, what pass'd after this tragical Adventure, my Swooning prevented my knowing;

all that I can remember is, that at the End of ſome Time, being entirely come to myſelf, I found myſelf in an Apartment that was unknown to me, with ſeveral Surgeons who were very buſy in probing my Wound, the chief of whom affirm'd that it was neither mortal nor dangerous. I was not in the leaſt affected with an Aſſurance, which reſtored me to Life in ſpite of myſelf; my firſt Care was to enquire of the Concluſion of the King of *Illyria*'s Marriage. They told me that it was not yet ſolemniz'd, and that my Deſpair had interrupted the Ceremony. I own to you, my Lord, that at this News, I felt ſome Rays of Hope revive within; it was even owing to this that I did not at all oppoſe my Cure, and that ſome Days after I had no Fever, and was almoſt out of Danger.

Nevertheleſs, I ſaw no Body in whom I could repoſe any Confidence, they anſwered me only with Evaſions, and, although I was ſerv'd with Reſpect, I ſoon found that I was carefully guarded. In ſhort, as I recover'd daily, I found myſelf, in a little Time, in a Condition to leave my Bed. Some Days after, about Midnight, I ſaw ſeveral Perſons enter my Room, who were wholly unknown to me;

me; they pray'd me respectfully to follow them, which I did without Hesitation, and even without desiring to enquire to what Place they intended to conduct me: The most cruel Events were become so indifferent to me, that I never troubled myself about securing myself from them.

I placed myself then, with three of them, in a Chariot, drawn by six fleet Horses, which travell'd at a very great Rate. Some Leagues from *Montevero*, we found Relays, which conducted us to others that were posted upon the Road, in such a Manner, that we made an incredible Speed, without my being able to comprehend what Way we were going, nor into what Country they were about to conduct me; my Guides, following doubtless their Instructions, took no Care to inform me.

Should I offer to represent to you, my Lord, what I thought during such a precipitate Journey, I should, no doubt, trespass upon your Patience; Rage and Despair never left my Soul one Moment, and during three Days and Nights that we were travelling, I thought less on the Place where this prodigious Career was to end, than on the dreadful Misfortune

to which I had been an Eye Witness. Nevertheless I flatter'd myself some Times, that, in Effect, *Mariana* being moved with my Condition, and with the Extremity to which she had reduced me, would never consent to marry the King of *Illyria*; my being sent away itself, seem'd to me a Proof of her Constancy, since it would have been needless to have banish'd me, if the Princess had consented to *Cherseg*'s Desires. But, alas! I was not left long in this flattering Error.

We arriv'd at a City that was utterly unknown to me; there it was that the Greatness of my Misery display'd it's self fully before my Eyes. I went into an Apartment, where they made me go to Bed; I had need of Rest, and notwithstanding my Troubles, I abandon'd myself insensibly to Sleep; but, my Lord, imagine my Surprize when starting out of my Sleep in the Morning, and going to dress myself, I found only a Slave's Habit that was appointed for me.

At the same Time I saw a *Turkish* Merchant enter my Chamber; Courage, Friend, said he, thou art fallen into the Hands of a good Master; serve me faithfully;

fully, and thou ſhalt have no Reaſon to repent of thy Fortune; I will uſe thee with Indulgence, and intend to place thee in the Service of his *Highneſs*. This Diſcouſe ſeem'd to me ſo extraordinary, that ſitting upright in my Bed; what do you ſay, cry'd I, is it to me that you addreſs your Diſcourſe? To thee thyſelf, my dear *Ogli*, anſwer'd the *Turk*, I have juſt bought thee of ſeveral *Servian* Merchants, who have aſſured me of thy Fidelity. They have given me a Letter for thee, which I am going to deliver to thee, but be adviſed by me, compoſe thy Mind, and prepare thyſelf to ſerve me with Affection. This ſaid, the Merchant threw me the Letter, and went out of my Room, after having lock'd it very carefully.

Notwithſtanding the Frowns of Fortune to which I had long been inured, the Diſaſter that now ſtared me in the Face ſeem'd ſo new, that I thought I ſtill ſlept; but at laſt taking up the Paper, which the *Turk* had thrown upon the Bed to me, I found therein theſe cruel Words.

LETTER.

I *Have at last obtained my Desire, in being able to glut my Rage, and revenge, according to my Oath, the unfortunate* Terophanes; *nothing now remains to make my Vengeance compleat, but to inform thee of the Circumstances. I have never been able to overcome the Hatred wherewith thou hast inspired me by thy Victories, and the Death of him whom I design'd for my Daughter. Nevertheless, I have been forc'd to dissemble my Resentment, in Order to let it break out with the more Fury. Know then, that it was I who encouraged thy Father's Love to* Mariana; *it was I who caused thee to be betray'd in thy Prison, in Hopes that thy own Rage would deliver me from my Enemy; but, in short, I thank Heaven, which has restored thee to Life, since it has put it in my Power to torture thee, by a Punishment as barbarous as new; I have made thy Father believe, that in order to deliver him from an odious Rival, I would send thee into* Servia, *where, being under a good strong Guard, thou shouldst not see the Light of Heaven, but at his Will; but I had no other Design than to make thee the Victim of my Rage. Thou art now then the most miserable*

ſerable of Mankind; I have nothing more to wiſh, ſince I have forc'd my Daughter to marry thy Rival, and thou knoweſt now, that all theſe mortal Stabs are the Effects of the Rage and Deſpair of

MELPHE.

This Letter made me ſhudder with Horror; juſt Heaven! cry'd I out, is it poſſible that Fury can diſcover itſelf in ſuch ignominious Actions! After which, loſing Patience at this laſt outrageous Misfortune, I ſtarted up like a Madman, and look'd for my Sword to end my miſerable Life; but the *Turk* had had the Precaution to take it with him, beſides I ſaw him re-enter my Room.

What do I ſee, *Ogli*, ſaid he, whence can ariſe the extreme Deſpair which I ſee painted in your Eyes? oughtſt not thou to reſolve patiently to undergo a Fate which thou canſt not avoid? Know, purſued he, that I deſign thee for the *Grand Signor's Seraglio*, where thou wilt taſte the Sweets of a private Life, inſtead of the Captivity that was prepared for thee.

But,

But, ſaid I, interrupting him haſtily, who can have given you any Power over my Liberty? Know that I was born free, and of a Rank ſuperior to the Employment which you reſerve for me. In a Word, I am made to give Chains to others, and not to wear them myſelf; I am the Prince of *Illyria*, and conſent to loſe my Life, if I cannot prove my Birth to you: Suffer me to ſend and give Notice to *Cherſeg* of the Barbarity of the baſe *Deſpot* of *Servia*, and depend upon it, that my Gratitude and my Ranſom ſhall be proportionable to the Service you will do me, and to the Rank I hold in the World.

I am ſo much uſed to all theſe fine Speeches, anſwered the Merchant, ſmiling, that I don't think it worth my while to anſwer them; thy Equals tell me almoſt as much, in order to be the more kindly uſed; but thou haſt no need for this Artifice to induce me to treat thee with Diſtinction, thy Air, and thy Wit plead with me in thy Favour: Beſides the *Servian* Merchants, from whom I have juſt bought thee, and who aſſure me that they had thee in the *Black Sea*, have at the ſame Time paſs'd their Words for thy Capacity; wherefore

wherefore don't think to deceive me with vain Evasions, which will only serve to prejudice thee. Thou art nothing but an unfortunate Slave, and the Fable which you pretend to pass upon me for a Truth, cannot impose upon any reasonable Man: There ought, at least, to have been some Shadow of Probability in the *Chimæra* you have related to me.

O just God! cry'd I out! did Fortune ever make any Thing so wretched as myself! Cease once more to complain, answered my Master roughly, and prepare to set out in an Hour for *Constantinople*, where I reckon to be after to morrow. After this Conversation, the Merchant made me dress myself before him, and conducted me into a large Hall, where I found several Slaves of both Sexes, who waited only for the Master's Conveniency to follow him. My new Comrades saluted me with Abundance of Civility, but I must certainly have appeared to them very destitute of good Manners, since I not only did not vouchsafe to make them any Answer, but even did not so much as look on them. I was so exasperated with Rage, that I have often wonder'd since, I did not die thereof that very Instant. The Cruelty of the King

King of *Illyria*; the barbarous Outrage of the *Despot* of *Servia*, and the Falshood of *Mariana*, of which I no longer doubted, though I believ'd it forc'd; all these extraordinary Things caused in me such furious Transports, as made my Master fear that I should either lay violent Hands on myself, or that my Brains would be turn'd. Hereupon, his own Interest made him take a particular Care of me, and he spared no Pains to comfort me; but I received his Kindness with a sullen Silence that made him tremble.

At last, my Lord, we arrived at *Constantinople*, where we were made to take our Rest for some Days, before we were to appear before our new Masters. Despair had alter'd me so greatly, that the *Turk*, my Master, did not think proper to present me to the *Grand Signor*, wherefore he offered me to the *Vizier Osman*, who was then *Mahomet*'s Favourite.

The *Vizier*, by good Fortune, was pleased to conceive an advantageous Opinion of me, and bought me with a great deal of Goodness, notwithstanding the Condition to which I was reduc'd: After which, having dismiss'd the Merchant, he enquir'd, with Abundance of Sweetness,

neſs, who I was, and why I ſeem'd overwhelm'd with ſuch a profound Sorrow?

I neither conceal'd from him my Name, nor my Birth, and related to him all my Misfortunes; accompanying my Narration with a Flood of Tears, which all my Courage could not enable me to reſtrain. He ſeem'd extremely moved at my ill Fortune, but as the whole Story might have been invented to impoſe upon him, he promis'd to enquire into it; in the mean while he order'd that I ſhould be treated with more Diſtinction than his other Slaves.

I could not condemn the *Vizier*'s Doubt; there was ſo little Appearance of Truth in all my Misfortunes, that I ſhould myſelf have made a great deal of Difficulty of believing them in another. I was near a Fortnight without finding any Alteration in my Condition; but at the End of that Time, the *Vizier* took me along with him into his Cloſet: *Cherſeg*, ſaid he, forgive my Incredulity, I confeſs I could not have believ'd all the Enormities whereof I am at preſent convinced.

I have

I have ſent into *Illyria*, and have had from thence an Account of thy Misfortunes, till the Night when thou waſt hurry'd away by ſome *Servians*; upon this Aſſurance I ſent for the *Turkiſh* Merchant to whom thou waſt ſold; the Day and the Circumſtances agree exactly; wherefore I no longer doubt but thou art the real Prince of *Illyria*. All that now remains is to find Means to make amends for the Faults I have been guilty of without knowing thee; wherefore I will preſent thee to his *Highneſs*, and arm in thy Behalf the whole *Ottoman* Power, to revenge thee of two perfidious Monarchs who have betray'd thee ſo unworthily.

Ah! my Lord, cry'd I out precipitately, what Thanks ſhall I be obliged to give you, if you can enable me to take a memorable Revenge, for the baſe Treatment I have receiv'd: But may I preſume to own my Weakneſs to you! What ſay they in *Illyria* of the falſe *Mariana?* My Heart cannot yet wean myſelf from the Remembrance of that Ingrate: Has ſhe married *Cherſeg*, and muſt I for ever renounce the ſmall Hopes that are left me.

I cannot

I cannot anſwer you upon this Head, reply'd *Oſman*, the Courier I ſent to *Montevero*, not having ſtaid there long enough to know exactly what has paſſed there; all that he has told me is, that the *Deſpot* of *Servia* is not now there, and that there are ſome Motions in *Illyria*, the Cauſe whereof no Body can diſcover: Hereupon, I thank'd the *Vizier* for his Complaiſance, and aſk'd Pardon for my Indiſcretion. He promis'd to preſent me next Day to *Mahomet*, and kept his Word punctually; he had even had the Goodneſs to prepoſſeſs the *Grand Signor* advantageouſly in my Favour; wherefore *Mahomet* careſs'd me very much, promiſed me his Protection, and had the Goodneſs to pity my Misfortunes. In ſhort, I left him, quite overcome with Gratitude; but *Oſman* inſinuated to me that very Day, that in order to induce the *Grand Signor* to eſpouſe my Intereſt in good earneſt, I muſt reſolve to change my Religion, or at leaſt to make as if I did: That this would be the effectual Way to pleaſe his *Highneſs*, that this Step would give him a real Concern for me, and that, in one Word, without it I had nothing to hope for from him.

This

This Propoſal at firſt made me ſhudder; I thought I could never be capable of ſuch a Crime; But, alas! how frail is human Nature! After a thouſand Struggles, wherein *Reaſon* ought to have got the better, *Ambition*, *Rage*, and *Jealouſy*, ſeiz'd upon my Soul with ſo much Violence, that, at laſt, I yielded them a ſhameful Victory. I had the Weakneſs then to turn *Turk* publickly, and ſoon became one of *Mahomet*'s deareſt Favourites.

Accordingly he raiſed a conſiderable Body of Troops to fall upon the King of *Illyria*, but at the Time that I was preparing to put myſelf at their Head, we heard that the *Deſpot* of *Servia* had been killed near *Caſtel-Novo*, without any one's knowing what had carried him to that Place; and within a few Days after we were informed of the Death of *Cherſeg*, and the Flight of *Mariana*. Theſe three Accidents ſenſibly affected me; I could not refuſe my Pity and ſome Tears for my Father's Death; and I was moved with *Melphe*'s Fate, for *Mariana*'s Sake; but I was ſeiz'd with the moſt lively Grief on Account of my Uncertainty what was become of that Princeſs: In vain did I make

make Enquiry on all Sides, I have never been able to discover the Place to which she is retired.

Mahomet had the Goodness to sympathize with me in my Sorrows, but nevertheless he caused his Troops to march into *Illyria*, and was not long before he made himself Master of a Kingdom, which no longer had any Leader to defend it. I was a little surprized at this Procedure; but the *Grand Signor* gave me to understand, that he would deliver up to me the Inheritance of my Ancestors, as soon as the People of that Kingdom had been used to the *Ottoman* Government; that they might prepare themselves to receive a Sovereign who was of the *Turkish* Religion.

I did not think this Piece of Policy very candid, but I durst not complain thereof; to comfort me for this Disappointment, his *Highness* gave me the Post of Chief Gardener, which I have enjoyed three Years, but neither Time nor Absence have been able to make me forget *Mariana*. I am even sensible that I ought to end a Life, which I am no longer able to bear; I die a thousand Times a-day; a cruel Remembrance plunges

plunges me every Moment in the moſt dreadful Torments; and it is now, my Lord, only my Deſire of teſtifying my Zeal for your Service, and venturing my Life for you, which retains the fatal Effects of my Deſpair. I have renounced the Throne of my Anceſtors, and the Day itſelf is hateful to me, ſince it lights me without the adorable *Mariana*.

Thus did *Cherſeg-Ogli* finiſh his Relation; and Prince *Jakaya*, who had liſtened to him with great Attention, having thanked him very gracefully for the Trouble he had taken, aſked him Pardon for the Faults he had committed, by not knowing his real Condition. After this theſe two Prnces embraced each other tenderly, and mutually vowed an eternal Friendſhip; but as half the Night had been already ſpent during the Great Gardener's relating his Story, *Jakaya*, after having ſympathized with the Troubles of his Friend, gave himſelf up at laſt to Reſt, which however did not laſt long. The Image of *Felicia*, the Idea of his approaching Greatneſs, and the Emotions which the Event of the Rendezvous to which he was engaged cauſed in him, all theſe made him ſtart out of his Sleep a little after the Sun appeared.

As

As for *Cherseg*, he had long been a Prey to these cruel Reflexions; scarcely could Sleep afford him a few Hours Repose: No sooner therefore did he perceive that Prince *Jakaya* had opened his Eyes, but he endeavoured again to dissuade him from the Execution of his Design. You may well judge, my Lord, continued he, that 'tis not the Fear of Death induces me to speak thus to you; but you are upon the Point of possessing the Imperial Throne, and by one imprudent Step you are going perhaps to deprive yourself thereof for ever.

In vain do you endeavour to dissuade me from my Resolution, my dear Prince, interrupted *Jakaya*, Prudence never accompanies a real Passion: Fortune may at her Pleasure dispose of my Life, but I hearken only to the Dictates of my Love. Well, my Lord, answered *Cherseg*, let us talk no more of it; besides I am in the wrong to attempt to inspire you with that whereof I am not capable myself: Let us go then to the Rendezvous; let us deliver the *Sultana*'s, whose Voice calls us to their Assistance, and, whatever Misfortune happens to attend the Execution of our Design, let our Generosity at least

leaſt cauſe our Imprudence to be forgotten.

This ſaid, *Cherſeg-Ogli* got up to attend the Buſineſs belonging to his Poſt; in the mean while he adviſed the Prince not to ſhow himſelf that Day, promiſing him that preciſely at the Hour appointed he would come and conduct him to the Cabinet of Statues. How long did this Time ſeem to the impatient *Jakaya*! a Secret foreboding ſeemed to aſſure him that *Felicia* would be the Reward of his raſh Enterprize: This Thought flattered him ſo agreeably, that it gave him no Time to reflect upon the Conſequences that might attend ſo daring a Deſign.

At laſt the Moment ſo impatiently deſired came; and *Cherſeg* haſtened to carry him to the Rendezvous, but the melancholly News he brought, took away the Pleaſure of ſeeing him. He inform'd the Prince, that the *Grand Vizier Azem* had been that very Day ſtrangled by *Achmet*'s Order; that there was Reaſon to believe that the Conſpiracy was diſcovered; and that it would not be long before they both would fall Victims to the *Sultan*'s Fury: Wherefore, my dear Prince, continued

tinued *Cherſeg*, we muſt ſpeedily be gone from ſo dangerous a Place; I have had the Precaution to ſecure a Bark, which is to wait for us to Night at the Bottom of theſe Gardens, and carry us to *Pera*; whither I have ſent the beſt Horſes of the *Seraglio*, with which we may make our Eſcape from the *Sultan*'s Purſuit. Let us prepare ourſelves then, added he, for ſo neceſſary a Departure, but at leaſt let us render our Flight doubly vexatious to his *Highneſs*, not only by avoiding his Vengeance, but alſo by carrying off two of the *Sultaneſſes* from under his Noſe.

Jakaya was ſo much tranſported with this Diſcourſe of *Cherſeg*'s that he could not help embracing him; well then, ſaid he, you ſee now that I was not in the wrong, not to depend too much upon the fair Appearances which deluded me with vain Hopes; happy ſtill, notwithſtanding the Misfortunes that oppreſs me, if the beauteous *Felicia* may this Night obtain her Liberty by my Means: But, alas! much I fear that all Things concur to render me the moſt unfortunate of Mankind.

Let us not loſe ſuch precious Moments in uſeleſs Reflexions, cried *Cherſeg*, inter-

rupting him; it is Time to go to the Rendezvous where we are expected. Having thus said, these two Princes went down into the Gardens, and taking Advantage of the extream Darkness of the Night, arrived both safely at the Cabinet of Statues. At the end of this Room there was another little Cabinet, which was a sort of Water-House, where, by the Means of an Engine, known only to the Great Gardener, one might distribute the Water over all the Gardens of the *Seraglio*. This Place was full of Pumps and Pipes, which throwing out the Water with great Violence, when the Check which kept them stopt was taken away, made a Noise like an impetuous Torrent: The *Sultan* and *Cherseg* only had a Key to this little Cabinet.

The Prince of *Illyria* therefore proposed going in there to *Jakaya*, 'till the *Sultana*, for whom they waited, should come; their Conversation could not be overheard there, wherefore the two Princes were just ready to make it their Place of Refuge, when they heard two Persons entering into the great Cabinet. Well then, my dear *Phriné*, said one of them, may I hope for a speedy Success from thy Deligence? Will the ungrateful *Felicia* at last yield

to

to the tender Paſſion I have for her? Muſt I always have Recourſe to Artifices, and may not I flatter myſelf that my Love and my Rank will enable me to triumph over the Heart of this inſenſible *Sultaneſs?*

Hope not for it, my Lord, interrupted *Phriné*, all the Charms of your Perſon, and all your Treaſures can not ſeduce *Felicia*; I know ſhe is prepoſſeſſed in Favour of *Sultan Jakaya*, with whom ſhe has lived a long Time at *Athens*; 'tis only by Violence that you can triumph over this imperious Maiden. Wherefore, my Lord, your *Highneſs* ſhould no longer amuſe yourſelf with ſighing in vain, ſince your Power and your Love ſet you above theſe empty Formalities.

I own, anſwered *Achmet* (for in Effect it was he himſelf) that 'tis a Shame for a Lover, like me, to humble himſelf in vain, when he may command as Maſter: But, *Phriné*, the Charms of *Felicia* have, 'till this Moment, kept an abſolute Empire over my Heart; I tremble at diſpleaſing that amiable Maiden; ſhe carries in her Looks an Air of Grandeur which makes me reſpect her againſt my Will: But, in ſhort, I ſhall be able to

overcome this empty Scruple, and ſince you aſſure me that ſhe will be here, I ſhall know how to ſatisfy the Paſſion that conſumes me.

Doubt not of the Succeſs of my Stratagem, interrupted *Phriné*, I have artfully made *Felicia* believe that the *Sultan Jakaya* lies conceal'd in *Conſtantinople*, with Deſign to deliver her from your *Highneſs's Seraglio*; I have cauſed a counterfeit Letter to be given her, as coming from that Prince, wherein I give her Notice to be this Night at the Cabinet of Statues, to concert proper Meaſures there for her Deliverance; I have intercepted the *Sultana*'s Anſwer, which ſhe had intruſted to an old Slave whom ſhe believes in her Intereſt; ſhe aſſures the Prince therein that ſhe will not fail being there, with another *Sultana* her Friend, who is likewiſe deſirous of eſcaping from your *Seraglio*; wherefore, my Lord, your *Highneſs* may eaſily imagine that ſhe will be far from breaking the falſe Appointment I have made her.

During this Converſation, the Aſtoniſhment of the two Princes was inconceivable; they preſs'd each other's Hands, from Time to Time, to teſtify their mutual

tual Surprize. *Jakaya* especially knew not what to resolve upon; the Joys of knowing his Mistress faithful, and the Pleasure of saving her from the *Sultan's* brutal Passion, flatter'd his Soul in the most sensible Part; but, on the other Hand, the Fear of miscarrying in his Enterprize, by the Assistance that might come, terrify'd him with a just Apprehension: As for *Cherseg*, whom Love did not disquiet on this Occasion, he made less tumultuous, and more reasonable Reflexions; and rack'd his Brains to find some sure Means to turn this singular Adventure to the Prince's Advantage.

As there was no longer any Hopes of staying at *Constantinople*, there was no longer any Measures to be kept; perhaps any others, but these two Princes, would have taken Advantage of this Accident, to sacrifice *Achmet* to their Ambition; but *Cherseg*, judging, with Reason, of *Jakaya*'s Sentiments by his own, was far from forming a Resolution so contrary to their Glory: Wherefore he contented himself with putting his Mouth softly to his Friend's Ear; go and meet the *Sultana's*, (said he, as low as possible) they can only come by the Walk of Citron Trees; prevent their approaching, and

leave me to take Care of, and favour, our Escape; stay for me but a Moment, I will not be long before I am with you.

Hereupon *Jakaya*, without answering the Great Gardener, slipt along the Cabinet, and got out dexterously; after which he flew hastily the Way that *Cherseg* had directed him, to which he was no Stranger. In effect, he soon heard some body come towards him; is it you, beauteous *Felicia*, said the Prince softly? May I flatter myself with the Hopes of having met you in Time, to preserve you from the Danger that attends you at the Cabinet of Statues? And what is that Danger, interrupted *Felicia* hastily? (For in Effect it was she, with one of her Companions) Am I basely imposed upon? Doubt it not, answered *Jakaya*, you were deceiv'd by a false Letter, but my good Fortune has brought me to your Assistance; I am that tender Lover, whom neither Time nor Absence, has been able to deprive of the Love, with which the fair *Felicia* has inspired him.

At these Words, the Prince discover'd himself entirely, and after having assured her of *Osman's* Life, related, although with precipitation, part of what he had just

just heard. *Felicia* was overjoy'd at receiving News of her Father; but, trembling at the Account of the Treachery that had been design'd her, she would have returned to the *Seraglio*; when *Jakaya* holding her respectfully, encouraged her, by telling her that the G eat Gardener was in their Interest, and would be with them immediately.

In the mean while *Cherseg* having made some Noise in the Cabinet, *Achmet*, who had open'd the Door of the Place where he intended to satisfy his brutal Passion, having concealed the treacherous *Phriné* therein, no sooner heard somebody walking near him, than he did not doubt but it was the *Sultana:* Am I then once more so happy as to be able to meet you again, beauteous *Felicia*, said he, disguising his Voice? And can *Jakaya* again freely entertain you with his Love, in spite of the cruel *Sultan* who oppresses us? But, pursued he, this Place is not solitary enough, to explain to you the Means which I intend to use, to deliver you from the *Seraglio:* Let us retire to a Place where our Conversation cannot be over-heard.

Having thus said, *Achmet* took *Cherseg* by the Hand, believing him to be *Feli-*

cia, and made him go with him into the Water-Houſe; but no ſooner was the Great Gardener there, than diſengaging himſelf briſkly from the *Sultan*'s Embraces, he touched the Spring that made the Water play, and ruſhing haſtily out of the Room, double locked the Door; leaving the *Sultan* ſo confounded at this Adventure, that he had not the Strength to make any Reſiſtance.

Nevertheleſs, being a little recovered from his Surprize, he would have cried out, and have ſought ſome Means to get out of his Slavery; but the dreadful Noiſe of the Waters, which ran impetuouſly into the Pipes, prevented his being heard. Beſides the Door of the Water-Houſe was locked ſo faſt, that all the Endeavours of the *Grand Signor* and *Phriné* to break it open, were to no Purpoſe: He was forced then to reſolve to paſs the Night in that Place, not being able to hope for any Aſſiſtance.

Whilſt he was in Tranſports of Rage that are eaſy to be imagined, *Cherſeg* haſtened to join *Jakaya* and the *Sultaneſſes*. It was high Time for him to be with them; the Noiſe they had heard had ſo greatly redoubled their Fear, that they were

were juſt ready to betake themſelves to Flight, in ſpite of the Prince's Efforts to the contrary; but the Great Gardener's Arrival appeaſed their Trouble. He inform'd *Jakaya*, in few Words, what he had done; after which, without loſing Time, the two *Sultana*'s, and the two Princes haſtened to the Garden Gate, and got to the Bark that waited for them.

The Paſſage over is ſo ſhort, from the Gardens of the *Seraglio* to the little City of *Pera*, that they arrived there in a ſmall Time; and mounting haſtily upon the Horſes that were kept there ready for them, they took the *Sultana*'s behind them, and traverſed *Chalcedonia* by By-Ways. They travelled with incredible Speed, and as Fortune ſeemed to favour their Deſigns, the Days were then at the ſhorteſt, and conſequently the Nights were extreamly long.

The Princes then had ſo much Time to avoid the *Sultan*'s Fury, that they needed not have apprehended it, but an unforeſeen Accident retarded their Speed, and had almoſt cauſed the Ruin of theſe four unfortunate Fugitives. During the prodigious Haſte which they made at firſt ſetting out, their Converſation could be

but interrupted; but when they began to slacken their Pace a little, *Jakaya* and his Princess said to each other, all that Love could instill into two Hearts who really were actuated with a most sincere and ardent Passion. They related to each other their mutual Anguish, and, in short, gave each other equally to understand, that they had always mutually lov'd with the same Tenderness.

After this, the Prince inform'd *Felicia* of *Osman*'s Fate, and ask'd her Pardon for the Imprudence which had partly caused his Ruin; but the Excuse was so lawful, and so tender, that the Princess could not help thinking herself obliged to him for a Fault of which Love was the sole Author.

Whilst these two Lovers thus entertained themselves with a Pleasure beyond Expression, *Cherseg*, who was a Stranger so much as to the Name of the Person he had behind him, kept a profound Silence. At last *Jakaya*, addressing himself to him: What am I not indebted to you, my dear *Ogli*, said he! You alone crown my Happiness, whilst I can only cause your Misfortunes; but at least, dear Prince, continued he, depend upon my Gratitude,

Gratitude, and believe that, on all Occasions, I shall be ready to sacrifice my Life for you.

I am too much obliged to you, my Lord, answered *Cherseg*, but am no longer in a Condition to relish any Happiness; and can for the future be only affected with what gives you Satisfaction: Let us make haste then into *Asia*, and endeavour to restore the Princess to her Father's Arms, whilst you will be able to dispute the Empire with the *Sultan*. It shall be in the Dangers of the War, pursued the generous Prince of *Illyria*, that I will testify my Zeal for your Service; and that abandoning my Life to Fortune, I will devote the miserable Remainder to your Interest, and your Glory.

Ah *Cherseg*! interrupted the *Sultan*, how unjust is Fortune, in having oppress'd such uncommon Merit as your's; and what can I do, during my whole Life, that can ever equal what you have done for me! As *Cherseg Ogli* was preparing to return an Answer, he heard the *Sultaness*, whom he had behind him, fetch a deep Sigh, and cry out: Oh Heavens! I am dying! In Ef-

fect, he perceived that ſhe no longer ſat faſt on Horſe-back, but fell to the Ground.

This Accident made him ſtop, and calling to *Jakaya*, he inform'd him of the *Sultana*'s Misfortune. Immediately the two Princes diſmounted, and endeavour'd by all manner of Means, to recover *Felicia*'s Companion; that beauteous Perſon herſelf, uſed her utmoſt Efforts to aſſiſt her unfortunate Friend; but although ſhe very much ſuſpected the Cauſe of her Swoon, ſhe thought ſhe ought to keep Silence, and not divulge her Secret without her Knowledge: In the mean while, as it was ſtill extremely dark, and they could find no Water, all their Pains were fruitleſs, and they were obliged to ſtay till break of Day to give her Eaſe.

Jakaya was fully ſenſible of the Conſequence of this Delay, and did not in the leaſt doubt but the *Grand Signior* would ſend on all Sides after them; but his natural Generoſity, and the Affection *Felicia* expreſs'd for the *Sultaneſs*, would not ſuffer him to heſitate a Moment what he ought to do. *Cherſeg* himſelf, the moſt generous of Mankind, breaking Silence; Prince,

Prince, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to *Jakaya*, there is no doubt but *Achmet* will leave no Stone unturn'd to have *Felicia* again in his Power; if you loſe Time, you will no longer be able to ſecure her from the dreadful Fate that waits her at the *Seraglio*; you will likewiſe yourſelf periſh under the Rage and Indignation of your Brother; wherefore, Prince, fly with the Treaſure that Love and Fortune have put again into your Hands, and leave me to aſſiſt this lovely Perſon. I will endeavour to rejoin you; but, let what will happen, if Fate will have me fall again into the *Sultan*'s Power, it will only ſhorten the Courſe of an uſeleſs Life, which is an inſupportable Burthen to me.

Think not, anſwered *Jakaya*, that my Sentiments are leſs noble than your's; I will for the future, my dear Prince, ſhare with you both in your Dangers and Pleaſures; Death, or Honours ſhall be common to us both; and whilſt I live you may be aſſured, that *Jakaya* will make it always his Glory, to defend you to the laſt Gaſp, or to advance you to a Rank equal to his own.

Felicia

Felicia then interfer'd in the Converſation; and proteſted that whatever Danger might attend their ſtaying in that Place, ſhe could never reſolve upon leaving her Friend in ſuch an urgent Extremity: *Cherſeg* would again have inſiſted on their flying, but it was in vain, he was forced to reſolve to ſubmit to the Frowns of Fortune.

In the mean while Morning began to appear, and the Prince of *Illyria* ran to a Brook which was at a little Diſtance from thence, and brought ſome Water, to throw in the Face of the fainting *Sultaneſs*; but, O Heavens! what was the Aſtoniſhment of this Prince, when he diſcover'd his lov'd *Mariana*, in the Perſon of the beauteous Sick one. I am not Maſter of Eloquence enough, to be able to deſcribe all that then paſs'd in *Cherſeg*'s Soul; my Pen would never be able to paint the different Emotions wherewith he was agitated. He remain'd ſome Time motionleſs, with his Eyes fix'd upon *Mariana*, for Fear that they ſhould have join'd with his Heart, to betray him, and that a pleaſing Illuſion ſhould have deceiv'd

him

him, with other Features than those of that belov'd Object.

But, at last, being sensibly convinc'd of his good Fortune, he threw himself quite transported at the Feet of the beauteous Princess of *Servia*; divine *Mariana*, said he, open your bright Eyes, and behold the Prince of *Illyria* ever tender and faithful, notwithstanding the Injustice wherewith you have repaid his Love: His Heart has never bely'd his Vows, he has ever adored you, and as ungrateful as you are, he will adore you to his Grave.

As *Cherseg* uttered these Words, he shed a Flood of Tears upon *Mariana*'s lovely Hands; whilst *Jakaya*, and the amiable *Felicia*, who were Witnesses of this surprizing Accident, testified their Joy by a Silence which proceeded from their Admiration. Nevertheless, not being willing to leave the Princess of *Servia* any longer in the melancholy Condition wherein she then was, they threw some Water in her Face; but Love, and the Voice of a beloved Admirer, contributed infinitely more to her Recovery, than the innocent

innocent Remedy to which they had Recourſe.

At laſt, *Mariana* opened her lovely Eyes; and after ſome Moments, wherein the Weakneſs of her newly recovered Sight would not allow her to diſcern Things plainly, ſhe knew *Cherſeg*; whilſt he, kneeling, preſſed one of her fair Hands between his, and watered it with his Tears. Can it be poſſible, cried ſhe with a faint Voice, that the Prince of *Illyria* ſhould ſtill retain thoſe tender Sentiments for me, which formerly crown'd my Happineſs? And that, notwithſtanding fatal Appearances, his Heart ſhould ſtill be concerned for the unfortunate *Mariana*?

Can you doubt it, charming Princeſs, interrupted *Cherſeg*, I am always the ſame, and altho' your forced Infidelity has cauſed all my Misfortunes, it has not been able to tear from my Heart, the tender Love which your bright Eyes, have kindled there. Ceaſe to condemn me, replied the Princeſs haſtily, I am only guilty in Appearance; I have neither been falſe to your Love, nor to my own Honour: I am ſtill that ſame *Mariana*, who made all her

Happineſs

Happineſs conſiſt in loving you, and being beloved by you; nothing has been able to alter me, and the Condition wherein I now appear before you, is a Proof of my Conſtancy.

Juſt Heaven! cried out the Prince of *Illyria* at this Diſcourſe; Can it be poſſible that cruel Appearances have deceived my Heart! Ah! *Mariana*, I deſerve only your Hatred, if I have been able to ſuſpect you wrongfully: Kill, with your Frowns, the Wretch who has not been able to do Juſtice to your Virtue, and to your Oaths. But, alas! reſum'd he, I am but too well convinced of my Misfortune; I ſaw you at the Altar, ready to engage yourſelf for ever; I have received my Condemnation from your Hands; In ſhort, every Thing tells me that you have forſaken me, and that the King of *Illyria* has robb'd me of your Heart.

No, no, *Cherſeg*, replied *Mariana*, I have not been falſe to you, and at the Moment when I ſeemed moſt criminal, I was the moſt devoted to you: I will acquaint you with my Adventures, and you will find, by what I ſhall tell you, the Sincerity of what I now ſay; but

but Time is precious, purſued this young Princeſs, I perceive that the Condition to which the hearing your Name reduced me, has cauſed us to ſtop in a ſuſpicious Place; let us recover, by our Speed, the Time I have made you loſe: I am ſenſible, added ſhe riſing, and addreſſing herſelf to *Jakaya* and *Felicia*, how much I am indebted to your generous Aſſiſtance, and can only teſtify my Gratitude, by the Haſte wherewith I am going to repair my involuntary Fault.

Having thus ſaid, ſhe preſs'd the *Turkiſh* Prince to mount again on Horſe-back, and having helped *Felicia* to get up behind him, ſhe leaped up herſelf behind the Prince of *Illyria*. This done, theſe Lovers, whom Love and Fortune had brought together again by ſuch extraordinary Means, rode away with incredible Speed, from a Place which might have proved fatal to them. They travelled on then almoſt all that Day with the ſame Swiftneſs; but, as the Magnificence of their Cloaths, and the Diamonds wherewith the *Sultana*'s were adorned, might cauſe a Suſpicion in thoſe that met them, they judged it proper to retreat, as ſoon as Night ſhould come on, into a ſort of

Foreſt

Foreſt which they obſerved; and 'twas agreed, at the ſame Time, that one of the Princes ſhould go from thence to the neareſt Town, not only to buy Neceſſaries to ſupport Life, but alſo to provide plain Habits, to conceal them from the Search of the Soldiers, which *Achmet* would naturally ſend after them: Beſides, their Horſes were ſo tired that they were hardly able to ſtand.

This Scheme was punctually executed; no ſooner did Night overſhadow the Earth with Darkneſs, but theſe four Lovers, as tender as unfortunate, retired into the thickeſt Part of the Foreſt, after having taken Notice of the Ways out. There did *Cherſeg* and *Jakaya* long diſpute with each other, who ſhould put their Deſign in Execution. Both of them being full of Love and Generoſity, would have gone to a large Town, which they had obſerved at the End of the Foreſt; but, at laſt, it was agreed, that the Prince of *Illyria* ſhould buy the Things agreed on, whilſt *Jakaya* ſhould ſtay and guard the Princeſſes. *Mariana* could not ſee *Cherſeg* leave her, without being ſenſibly afflicted, but, as this Precaution

caution was absolutely requisite, she was forced to submit.

After the Departure of this Prince, *Jakaya* and the two amiable *Sultana*'s gave themselves up to the most melancholy Reflexions, and, I believe, it is impossible to have a juster Reason. In effect, could any Thing be more dreadful than the Condition to which they saw themselves reduced? Born to command by the Prerogative of their Birth; and made to reign over the whole Earth by their Merit, and their Virtue, they were constrained to wander at a Venture, to avoid Death, or Ignominy.

Even *Jakaya*'s undaunted Courage, which had been unmoved at all the Misfortunes which he had undergone, was shock'd at the State wherein he saw these charming Princesses. Just Heaven! cry'd he out with Transport! Was there ever a Destiny more terrible than mine! Twice being upon the Point of ascending the Throne of my Ancestors, I was cruelly deceiv'd in such a flattering Hope; and now, when Fortune makes me find again a Treasure, a thousand Times more valuable than the Splendor of the Crown

whereof

whereof ſhe deprives me, I am reduced to dread her Loſs by infamous Raviſhers, or to ſee her periſh without Help, in a State ſo contrary to the Rank to which my Love intended to have rais'd her. Ah! Princeſs; how fatal is my Paſſion to you? Why did barbarous Fate give me Life, to be the Cauſe of your Misfortunes!

Ceaſe to afflict yourſelf, my dear Prince, interrupted *Felicia*, I am ſenſible, as well as you, of all the Rigour of the Deſtiny that oppreſſes us, but it cannot entirely overwhelm me, as long as it leaves me with you; let us ſurmount it's Cruelty, by the Conſtancy of our Sentiments; and let us make Fortune bluſh, at being adverſe to Perſons, incapable of deſerving her Injuſtice; perhaps, one Day, we may ſoften her Barbarity: Alas! what have we done to draw down upon us her pitileſs Shafts! Did the Innocence of our Hearts, and the Integrity of our Sentiments, merit ſuch a fatal Reward? But, whatever happens, dear Prince, if we muſt die, at leaſt, let it be without degenerating from our Rank, or our Glory; and let the lateſt Poſterity learn by our Example, that Souls truly generous may fall under the Attempts of their Enemies,

Enemies, but never depart from the Mark of Grandeur, which diſtinguiſhes them from the Reſt of Mankind.

Ah! *Felicia*, anſwered the Prince, preſſing her Hand reſpectfully, can one find in any other Mortal ſo much Greatneſs of Soul, or ſo much Strength of Wit? You charm my Heart by the Nobleneſs of your's, but, alas! how far am I from that Tranquility, to which you endeavour to reſtore me by your Reaſons! If I had nothing to fear but for myſelf, Heaven is my Witneſs, I would reſign myſelf up, without murmuring, to the moſt fatal Misfortunes; Death itſelf would have nothing dreadful to me, under whatever Form it could appear, if thereby I could contribute to your Felicity; but, good Heavens! can I, without ſhuddering with Horror, think upon either your Loſs, or your Slavery! No, no, purſued he, I never will be Witneſs of ſuch an Extremity; whilſt I have a drop of Blood in my Veins, I will defend your Life againſt the whole Univerſe.

Why do you endeavour to terrify yourſelves by ſuch melancholy Fancies? (interrupted *Mariana*, who till then had hearken'd

hearken'd, without ſaying a Word, to this tender Converſation;) Do not form to yourſelves, either of you, ſuch terrible Ideas; perhaps Fate will at laſt be weary of perſecuting you: We have but a few Days Journies to a Place of Refuge, where we ſhall be in a State of greater Tranquility; the Army of *Peri-Baſſa*, and *Oſman*, cannot be very far from us, and when we are once out of the *Sultan*'s Dominions, having nothing more to fear, we ſhall have nothing more to wiſh for: Love has brought us together again by Ways too extraordinary, not to compleat it's Work, nevertheleſs I own I tremble at being, in ſome Meaſure, the Cauſe of the Misfortune which we endeavour to ſhun: My Love to *Cherſeg* has betray'd us, and our Stay has perhaps given *Achmet* Time to ſet Guards at all the Paſſages; good Heaven, avert, if poſſible, the fatal Miſchief that I dread.

With ſuch Diſcourſe did the Prince and the two *Sultana*'s conſume part of the Night; but the extreme Fatigue which they had undergone, during their Day's Journey, conſtrain'd at laſt the Daughter of *Oſman*, and the Princeſs of *Servia*, to give themſelves up to ſome Moments Sleep, whilſt

Jakaya

Jakaya hearken'd, with the utmoſt Anxiety, to the leaſt Noiſe.

How dreadful muſt be ſuch a Condition! I believe it is much more eaſy to imagine the Horror of it, than to deſcribe it; but let us leave them for ſome Time in this extreme Diſquiet, and return to *Conſtantinople*, to know what paſs'd in the Cabinet of the Water-Houſe, where we left the impatient *Achmet*.

End of the Firſt PART.